

The TATLER

CXVI. No. 1506.

London, May 7, 1930

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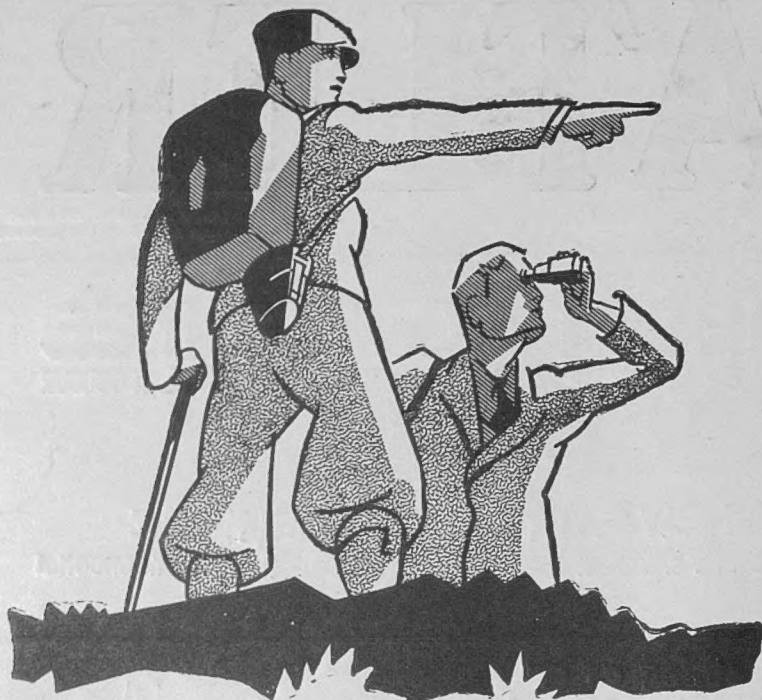
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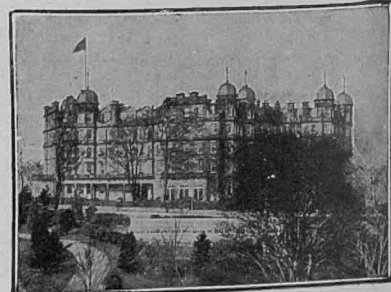
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Vol. CXVI. No. 1506

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Newfoundland 2d.; Foreign 6d.

Price One Shilling.



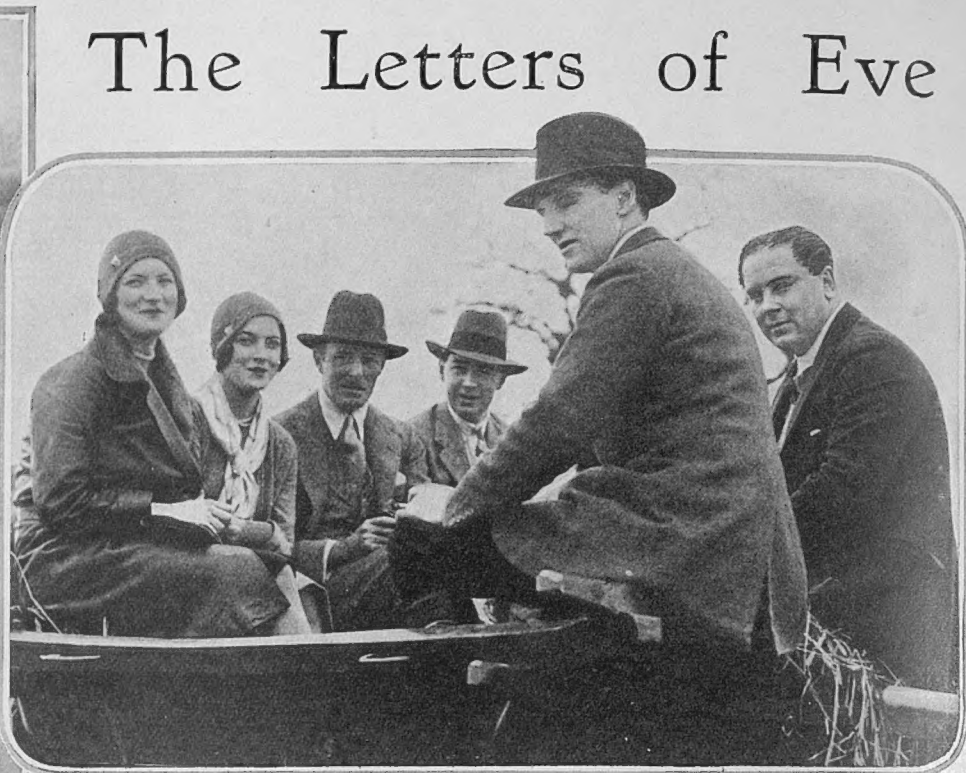
HANDS ACROSS THE TEE: MISS GLENNA COLLETT (right) AND MISS GOURLAY

An International gesture at Sunningdale, where America and England had a friendly battle on the golf course last Thursday, the home country gaining the verdict by $8\frac{1}{2}$ matches to $6\frac{3}{4}$. Miss Molly Gourlay, who led the British team, and Miss Collett, the captain of the invading side, were matched against each other in the singles, and a superb struggle ensued, the golf and courage of both players being beyond praise. Miss Gourlay won one up, but Miss Collett, straight from an Atlantic crossing and short of practice, went round from the men's medal tees in 75, an achievement of which she might well feel proud. Her challenge in this year's "Open," which starts on Monday next at Formby, is undoubtedly a formidable one. Miss Gourlay, one of the most universally popular of golfers, won the English Championship last year for the second time and retained her title of French Open Champion. She also holds, with Major C. O. Hezlet, the Worpleston Foursomes



ON THE SPEY—LORD BUCKMASTER

The ex-Lord Chancellor of England (1915-16) is sixty-nine and in his leisure moments a keen fisherman. He was called in 1884 after having been at Eton and the "House"



AT THE OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW POINT-TO-POINT

A group at the excellent course at Ardenrun, which lies spread out just below Captain Woolf Barnato's palatial house, Ardenrun Hall, and is a good one also for the spectators. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Vivian Drury, her sister Miss Valerie French, Captain George Wood, Mr. Dale Brown, Mr. Vivian Drury, and Captain Woolf Barnato who had a party for the races

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

DEAREST,—At this time of the year we have become so used to reading in the papers that the most brilliant Season since the war has started that we have ceased to take much notice of it. Besides Seasons are so much less inclined to begin and end on the official dates than they used to be. However, one must admit that there was a distinctly Seasonish feeling about last week with its weddings and its parties, its opera and its academy, its race meeting at Epsom, and above all, its perfectly glorious summer weather.

* * *

The week started early with Lady Millicent Taylour's morning wedding to Mr. Henry Tiarks at Westminster Cathedral on Monday. That brought many people back to London on Sunday night, and if any of the more racingly-minded among them had had hopes of getting down afterwards to Epsom to see the Great Metropolitan they were most of them disappointed. For the Nuptial Mass takes a long time, and Abbey Road, where the reception was held in the joined gardens of Lady Headfort and Mrs. Nigs Freeman Thomas, is a long way from Westminster. So it was nearly three o'clock by the time many of them sat down to lunch. But it was all



AT BIARRITZ—THE BARON AND BARONESS DE FOREST

Baron de Forest, who is an Old Etonian, served in the War with the R.N.V.R. and was afterwards attached to the Royal Naval Armoured Car Force. In 1904 he married the Hon. Ethel Gerard, a daughter of the late Lord Gerard

rather wonderful and impressive, and the only fault which the more captious might have found with the arrangements was on the seating question. For twenty young men took on the rather thankless duty of being ushers, each of them armed with a long list of names. They were needed to deal with the eight hundred guests. Unfortunately that meant twenty chances to one against one's own name being on any list, and after drawing blank two or three times one sat down where one could and hoped one would not be turned out.

* * *

The bride herself looked quite lovely I thought in her simple parchment satin dress whose long train was held up by the two small boys, Lord Buckhurst and Master Harry Sackville. Their green linen trousers were the only touch of colour in the procession, for the six little girls were also wearing parchment dresses. How much more effective the one colour and the simplicity than some of those gaudy efforts to be original! Of the guests it is difficult to say very much, for how can one single out a handful from about eight hundred, still more so as the vastness of the cathedral seemed to swallow up even that number. Lady Headfort herself looked very striking in a vivid green cloak, and one or two others that I specially noticed were lovely young Princess Bismarck, Lady

Lavery (who is always a striking figure), Lady North, Lady Patricia Moore and her mother, Lady Carlisle, and the lovely Mrs. Robertson, who is so like the earlier pictures of Lily Langtry.

* * *

The dullness of the day and the bitter wind which so unfortunately spoiled the out-of-door part of Lady Headfort's reception reconciled us to missing Epsom. In any case it would have meant rather a rush, for we had to dress early for Covent Garden's seven o'clock opening-night with *Die Meistersinger*. And I think it ought to be put on record that when the house stood up for the National Anthem punctually at that hour, and despite the inevitable traffic block in Long Acre, there wasn't an empty place to be seen. Wagner possibly had the inveterate late-comers in mind when he wrote that wonderful overture, for it is certainly a very special inducement to be on time, especially when Herr Bruno Walter is conducting.

* * *

As for the singers, what remains to be said about Friedrich Schorr, the most perfect Hans Sachs we have ever heard. One could listen to that voice, which seems to flow out with such grace and ease, for hours. Even for more hours than the opera lasts, which is saying a good deal, for we did not leave Covent Garden until about a quarter to twelve. And Lotte Lehmann, that versatile creature—there is a wonderful ease and mellowness about her too, which accounts for her success in such different parts as the Countess in *Rosenkavalier* and the jeweller's young daughter in the *Meistersinger*. Laubenthal's Walther was rather hard and tight and generally disappointing, except that he looked quite attractive. But one can't have complete perfection. And one very pleasing thing I noticed was the number of English singers, amounting to about ten, in the smaller parts.

* * *

And now for the audience which ranged from the brightest and most beautiful to the very sober and earnest. Princess Mary, who looked wonderfully well all in white, was in the royal box with Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. Two other distinguished music-lovers who wore white were Lady Cunard and Lady Oxford. Lady Cunard had a party in her box, and had carried out her



BY BISCAY'S BAY: LIEUT.-COLONEL GRAHAM HUTCHINSON, LADY PULTENEY, AND MRS. GRAHAM HUTCHINSON

A last-week snapshot at that delectable spot, Biarritz. Lieut.-Colonel Graham Hutchinson was formerly in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He has written a number of books under the name of "Graham Seton." Lady Pulteney is the wife of Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney, Black Rod to the House of Lords since 1920



Lassalle
MRS. HAROLD KNOWLING
(MERIEL BUCHANAN)

The well-known authoress, who has just begun another book—a big subject, as it deals with the times of the Tsar Paul of Russia. Mrs. Harold Knowling is the daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir George Buchanan, who was the last British Ambassador to Russia under the Tsarist régime

all-white scheme quite thoroughly, for she had a white velvet and ermine cloak over her white romaine frock. Lady Oxford was more severely dressed with a well-cut heavy silk short coat. She was with her son and a friend from Germany, who was greeting so many people in the foyer that she found some difficulty in piloting her back to her place when the warning bell had rung for the second Act.

* * *

Then there was Lady Howe, looking quite lovely in sapphire-blue, Mrs. Robert Marsham with her tall elder son, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Marshall, who have a box on the grand tier for every Monday night

which clashes least with race meetings, Miss Olga Lynn in embroidered green lace, and Mrs. Henry Mond who was wearing a lovely frock of black-and-white tulle with a short black coat. After the performance the chief thought in everybody's mind was food, and the handy Savoy Grill was absolutely packed. There I found, among those who had come on, Mrs. Fred Lawson, looking extremely well in a black and diamanté frock with her husband, the Edward Marshalls who had a small party, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bendix with Mrs. Jim Hennessy, and Miss Violet Loraine. Miss Peggy Wood was there, too, and so was Miss Margaret Bannerman who was looking very pretty all in black.

* * *

The following morning summer arrived and the drive down to Epsom revealed the most surprising amount of new green on the trees and hedges, and instilled in us an intense desire for new cool clothes. A desire which increased when we got there, for the stalls and boxes of

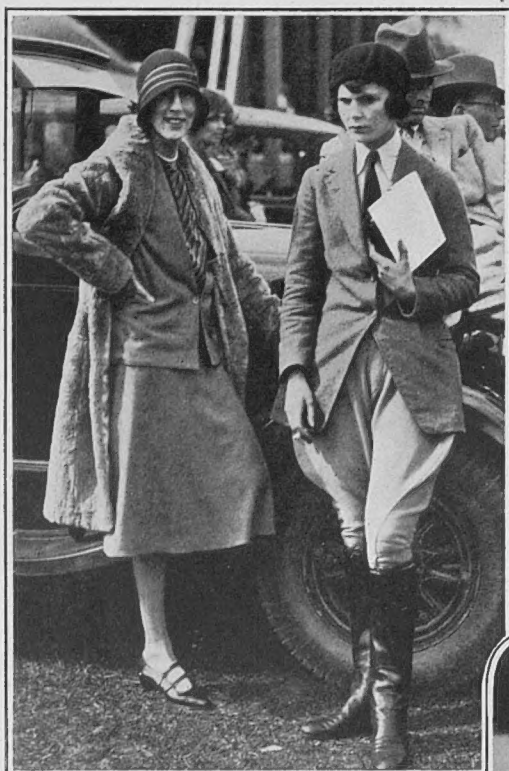
(Continued on p. 246)

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AT THE SCOTTISH GRAND NATIONAL AT BOGSIDE

Lord Sinclair, his son and heir, the Master of Sinclair, and his only daughter, the Hon. Patricia St. Clair, on Scottish Grand National Day at the Bogside Course, when Drintyre, the Grand Military winner, got home again, ridden by the owner, Mr. C. N. Brownhill, after a good race with Melleray's Belle, the mare that jumped so well and was second in "the" Grand National at Aintree



Dennis Moss

LADY WESTMORLAND AND MISS
H. WARD

At the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club Polo Pony Show last week, which, as they had all those magnificent International ponies to swell the entry, was probably as fine a one as has been seen for many a day. Lord Westmorland is a very well-known personality with the Beaufort Hounds

the stand, whose high back wall made such a complete shelter from the wind, are about the most perfect sun-traps in England, facing full south as they do. I heard it suggested to Mr. Dorling, the very charming and extremely witty general manager, that the place might be very profitably used as a sun-bathing establishment during the summer. After all there are only seven days' racing there in all. But having baked there in April we are so terribly likely to freeze there during Derby week.

The new fenced way to the paddock, which brings one to a new entrance gate just opposite the parade ring and the new tote, is a tremendous improvement. Incidentally it is specially popular with the women, who have always resented having to walk along the back, while the more privileged males could take the shorter way along the course and into the gate of the Club stand. For now there is no walking up the course for anybody. Hardly even for Lord Lonsdale himself, who was to be seen in his usual characteristic clothes on all three days last week, being one of the three stewards with Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and Lord Rosebery. There was not an enormous number of people racing on Monday, but I saw Miss Sylvia Portman and her sister, Mrs. Garland Emmet, Lord and Lady Hillingdon and Lord Blandford, Lord Lascelles, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, and Lady Curzon, who was walking in the paddock with Lord Sefton and Sir Mathew Wilson. They were wearing the same checked suiting, in different colours, Lord Sefton's being greyey fawn, and Sir Mathew's brown.

Others to be seen on Tuesday and Wednesday were Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, Mrs. Vandy Beatty, and Miss Monica Sheriffe, who was in blue. Blue seemed to be very popular, for others wearing that colour were Mrs. Dixon, Lady Carnarvon, who is always faithful to it, and Mrs. Hubert Loder, who was walking in the paddock with Lady Chesham, Sir Merrik Burrell, and Lord Blandford. And also Mr. Victor Emmanuel's horse, The Sirdar, who affected a Klu Klux Klan garb in the paddock, and a spotted hood to match his jockey's jacket, when he ran in the City and Suburban. It was a great disappointment to Lord Rosebery, I think, when his Midlothian did not even run into a place in that race after going so well in the earlier stages. He was there of course, but

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

the Aga Khan was not present to see his Rustom Pasha run away with the Nonsuch Stakes the day before, and be promoted to the proud position of Derby favourite. Talking of owners, the Duchess of Westminster has already joined the ranks of them, and possessed among others which are being trained by Atty Persse, a two-year-old Gainsborough filly, Artist.

We were a little sleepier on the Wednesday because we had stayed up late at one of the very best parties of the year. This was Mr. David Tennant's Mozart party at the Burlington Galleries. It started well with the lovely invitation cards on which there was a reproduction of Mozart's portrait at the age of seventeen, by an unknown artist. Nearly everyone came in eighteenth-century white-wigs, full skirts, flowered waistcoats, embroidered coats, and buckled shoes, and the effect was really lovely, for they seemed at the same time to have assumed some of the dignity and grace of the eighteenth century. The party began with a concert of Mozart compositions conducted by Barbirolli, and continued later in a lighter vein, helped by the most excellent supper.

The host himself was in black and gold and his wife in turquoise-blue. Lady Wilson was in rose-pink taffetas and her son, Martin, in pale pink velvet with patches and jewels. Mrs. Ansell, too, was enveloped in yards of rose-pink taffetas. Then there was Mrs. Madge Garland in a huge green farthingale with a tight waistcoat and a most becoming tricorn hat. Mr. Harry Melville was also wearing a tricorn, and there were dozens of people who had chosen the easy way of coming as duellists in black satin breeches and soft white shirts. Others to be seen included Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mr. Cecil Beaton and his sister, Mrs. Lovat Fraser, who had done the thing properly by having her white wig pomaded, and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop who motored almost immediately after the party was over to Dover, as she was going to meet Noel Coward at Marseilles. Lastly there was Miss Olivia Wyndham who had returned that day from America on the *Berengaria*. Or rather Mrs. Spencer, for she was married the day before she left, and her husband is following her very soon.—All my love to you, dearest, yours ever, EVE.



AT MONTE: COUNT "LUDY" SALM
AND Mlle. ADAMOFF

On one of the famous terraces of the Monte Carlo Country Club. Count Salm's recent book has, it is said, been a big success, and Mlle. Adamoff is hailed as France's future "Suzanne"



COLONEL ROYCE TOMKIN AND MRS. PHILIP
COBBOLD

At the Henham Harriers Point-to-Point at Flixton, near Bungay. The Henham Harriers country is in Norfolk and Suffolk and is not hunted by any foxhound pack. Two hundred years ago it was a foxhound pack

A MOZART "PERIOD" PARTY

M. CERNIKOFF AND MR. DOUGLAS BYNG—
THE LIGHT RELIEFMISS FIFI BUCHANAN AND
MR. BRIAN GRAYSONMRS. ARTHUR BENDIR (MOZART) AND MR. HARRY
MELVILLE (CASANOVA)

MISS KING AND MR. WILLIE CLARKSON



THE HOSTS: THE HON. DAVID AND MRS. TENNANT

The Hon. David and Mrs. Tennant's "Mozart" party at the New Burlington Galleries was something of an artistic achievement, quite apart from any and everything else, because of the great care which was taken to work out the period scheme to the last detail. If ever there is any excuse for gate-crashers, and some people are so drastic in their ideas that they think they should be put in a lethal chamber—when caught—this was one. Several, it is said, were spotted by the hostess. The concert of Mozart music by the Barbirolli Orchestra was not the least of the attractions. Mrs. Arthur Bendir, who is in this little gallery of flashlight pictures, made a wonderful Mozart as we know him from Yvonne Printemps' interpretation, and the host himself was one of many Don Giovannis whose clothes are peculiarly attractive. The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Tennant, who was Miss Hermione Baddeley, looked extremely charming. M. Cernikoff, the famous pianist, and Mr. Douglas Byng provided the light relief, if it may be so described, and Mr. Willie Clarkson, the famous costumier, was wearing a costume made for the late King Edward VII. Miss Fifi Buchanan and Mr. Brian Grayson, the latter of whom was not in costume, are engaged to be married. Mr. Harry Melville, who is in the group with Mrs. Bendir, was Casanova

The Cinema : "Journey's End" Again

By JAMES AGATE

"I'M not arguing; I'm just telling you!" The phrase will be familiar. Last week I did not argue as to how or why *Journey's End* as a play became a success. I merely, and I hope modestly, told the listening earth the facts. Let me now return to the subject of the film. This seems to me to be better than the play if only for the reason that it is more real. Seen in the theatre, that dug-out did not seem a very uncomfortable sort of place. To begin with, the furniture in it was paid for, an enormous consideration to anybody who lives under the permanent cloud of the hire-purchase system! Personally I would far sooner live in Stanhope's apartment than in any of the sea-side variety. Then again, it hardly seemed a place of danger. One did not visualise—or at least I did not—the complete desolation which began at the top of the stairs. There is one shot in the film showing an expanse of liquid mud with a bit of a tree and some broken railings sticking out of it which brings home to me the horrid reality of the whole business. When, in the theatre they talked of a raid and of bringing in the German prisoner I am afraid I did not realize anything more than a pleasant skirmish on some smiling golf-links and hiking somebody out of a bunker. A skirmish in which one might get killed, but still a pleasant one. I certainly did not visualize the dragging of the fellow back through seas of mud and slime. This, of course, may only serve to show my inefficiency as a playgoer and the fact that I have no actual experiences which the incident for those who possessed them must have revived. But there it is. In other words, war as presented in the play seemed to be on the whole a gallant, heroic business, whereas the film shows war as the essentially foul, beastly thing that it is in reality.

There was one curious fact about the last war which, I cannot help thinking, has never been sufficiently underlined; the fact that whereas what one might call the business end of the war was the vilest torture which the mind of man can know, the preparation and training for it constituted, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the happiest time of a man's life. I am reminded of a passage which proves the latter half of this statement up to the hilt. It occurs in something which was intended to be a war book, and I make no apology for transcribing it since it represents a frame of mind in which war, the intolerable thing, is embraced with gusto by those who know nothing of it: "There are occasions when the least introspective of us must take stock of his sentimental position. An evening on Salisbury Plain in war-time is one of them. Men are here from all the ends of the Empire for all sorts of reasons. Some for the 'sweet punishment of their enemies,' some that they may be 'honourably avenged,' some for the adventure, some through the loss of their jobs, some hating it, some unutterably bored, many inspired, a few who will never find their feet, but not one, so far as I can gather, who would turn back if he could. 'Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to face anything and bear anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it. And fear and dullness and indolence and appetite—which indeed are no more than fear's three crippled brothers—who make ambushes and creep by night, are against him, to delay him, to hold him off, to hamper and beguile and kill him in that quest.' This is neither

Ecclesiastes nor yet Bunyan, but a great living novelist. This passage seems to me worthy to be printed on a little card and served out to every soldier with his pay book. Each of us here surely has his 'sufficient beauty.' It may be a family tie or a grand passion, an art or a friendship, a religion or even an ideal of politics. At the last it may be love of country. What each man's 'sufficient beauty' may be, it is no man's business to inquire. Enough that each man here is ready to fight and to face and to dare for it, and is already putting dullness and fear, appetite and indolence behind him. . . . It is dark, the stars are out, a sentry passes calmly a hundred feet away. The camp is silent save for the distant din of trivial tunes on trivial instruments, the soldier's evening melody. In the next hut the regimental sergeant-major is twanging a mandolin, the companion of many years. Further down the lines a gramophone is sentimentalizing *Johnny O'Morgan with his little mouth-organ playing Home*

Sweet Home, and from half-a-dozen huts, in all manner of keys, resounds the ever popular *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. Even that most mannerless of unlicked cubs, young Jones, is making the officers' mess melancholy with his untrained, beautiful voice and sentimental air. And I know that unto each man in this camp, from the waster in the ranks to the least heeding sub., there is a 'sufficient beauty.' In that faith we leave these shores to-morrow."

When I wrote that passage I believed every word of it. But what, pray, has it to do with lying in the open with one or more bullets through one's stomach? Even after the event we find a writer of so finely tempered a mind as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy writing:

No treatment of the war could satisfy which did not treat it as the most abominable calamity; at the same time, no treatment would be true which ignored the noble qualities it called into existence, or the emotions worth

having it created; precious unstable relationships, moments of blazing exaltation, halcyon moments of rest and gaiety, of profound and easy affection. Yet, having written even that sentence, true though it is, one feels the meanness of glorying in a cross which others have borne.

Mr. MacCarthy sees all round the difficulty. To speak frankly, I know that I shall never again enjoy or taste life as I enjoyed and tasted it in those long six summer months of 1915 when existence was one long picnic on Salisbury Plain, in the dales of Yorkshire, and on the Wiltshire Downs. Yet I have no illusions whatever about what the upshot might have been. How can one who has not the nerve to drive a motor-car believe that any kind of compulsion could have got him over the top of a trench? This is why I welcome all war-books, and the more horrible the better. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Precisely. Fathers and mothers in all countries should be made aware of the sickening realities of war, and of the horrible, unheroic nature of some of its graves. General Crozier has described an execution for cowardice. But what he has not told us is that the lad who was hanged on the butcher's hook entered the war with as noble and high a courage as the rest. None of us slink into battle. Some can stand it when they get there, and some can't. And I hold *Journey's End* to be better as a film than as a play, because it begins to give an indication of that filth from which the glamour is not even yet departed.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. lii



HOME AGAIN: MISS EVELYN LAYE AND HER MOTHER

Snapped as the pretty little actress came ashore from the "Berengaria," in which she arrived from America, where she has been making pictures, and has signed a big contract to go back and make a "talkie"—her first

PERSONALITIES AT PUNCHESTOWN



LORD AND LADY BELLEW



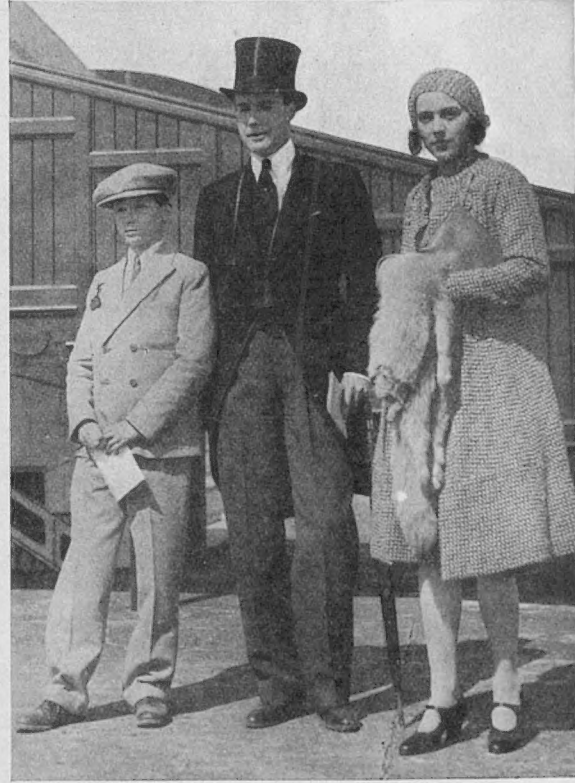
LORD AND LADY DE FREYNE



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SIR JOHN AND LADY MILBANKE
AND YOUNG LORD LOUGHBOROUGH

Even when it rains, which has been known to happen in Ireland, the Kildare and National Hunt Meeting at Punchestown is always a supremely popular event, and as this year the sun shone brilliantly on both days the assemblage was acclaimed as one of the best on record. The Tote was hard put to it to serve its countless would-be customers, and started off with a flourish by paying 195s. on the winner of the first race as against the book price of 8 to 1. Notabilities were present in great force. Lord Bellew owns Barmeath Castle in Co. Louth, but lives in Kilkenny and is a Deputy-Lieutenant for that county. Lord de Freyne holds the same appointment in Co. Roscommon, while Lord Powerscourt has been Lieutenant of Co. Wicklow since 1901 and is also a member of the Senate of Southern Ireland. Mrs. Herbert Dixon, who is seen with the Governor-General of the Free State, is Lord Clanmorris' sister. Her husband is Chief Unionist Whip in the Parliament of Northern Ireland. Lord Meath, formerly Lord Ardee, succeeded last year on the death of his father, the famous founder of the Empire Day movement. Lady Glanusk, over from England on purpose for Punchestown, is Lady Eva Dugdale's daughter. Pretty Lady Milbanke and her husband were greeting friends on all sides. Lord Loughborough, Lady Milbanke's son by her first marriage, will be thirteen this month.

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By



Poole, Dublin

LORD AND LADY ROSSMORE

A snapshot at Punchestown on the day the big 'chase, Conyngham Cup (four miles of the country), was run, and won by Mrs. M. D'Arcy's White Cross. Lord and Lady Rossmore were married in 1927

Entering the members enclosure a gigantic sea of asphalt stretched as far as the eye could see, completely untenanted, its level surface broken here and there by a garden seat which the unaccustomed Tattersallian, as if nervous of a catch, seemed scared to use. But where was the "roar of the ring" and that line of friendly creditors to which we are accustomed on the rails between the members and Tattersall's? On an island of their own, at the far end of the sea, shepherded by a Father Damien of a ring custodian, a little crowd of these gentlemen, looking in their pen terribly reminiscent of Islington Show, were angrily taking each other's bets. As, however, they and the members are entitled to consideration, it is rumoured that they will be brought back from their isolation to their immemorial perches.

The totalisator is a marvellous mechanism, apparently worked quickly and efficiently without a hitch, and gave its sponsors complete satisfaction. The gem of the whole apparatus is the board opposite the stands on which, on a sort of temperature chart, the tickets taken on each horse and the total are shown continuously in such a way that it is comparatively easy to work out the odds roughly and quickly at any moment. This is a great improvement on the French method of publishing the odds every few minutes on flimsy slips of paper delivered by a horde of bandits who knock you down as they rush through the crowd.

It is a pity that the most fascinating part of the machine, being behind the stands, is not continually visible. In this the number of tickets taken on each horse and the total is shown in electric bulbs, the act of issuing a ticket changing the number on

NEW MARKET was hardly recognizable at the Craven meeting with its various improvements or alterations, whichever way you like to look at them.

both. In this way the bulbs are continually flashing and flickering at lightning speed, giving one that morning-after feeling of being unable to focus properly. The cost of this installation is said to be only about £40,000 odd, so that even with running expenses, etc., thrown in, a million passing through the machine will pay the entire costs and allow a proportion of profit to go back to racing.

As owing to "blower" investments the takings should average £20,000 a day; in a couple of years it should pay for itself, with so many days' racing on the course. It has been suggested as an additional source of revenue that in between races the machine might be used for sky sign-advertisements, some of the leading pillars of the turf starting off with "Pale Ales," "Invalid Port," or even a little cameo of a feeble-minded peer having the principle of the tote at one's own fireside explained to him. The idea is worth considering!

No outstanding two-year-olds made their appearance at the meeting, but two interesting three-year-olds won in The Sponger and Bargany. The former is owned by Mr. "Jack" Clayton, who I believe had backed something else in the race, and the latter by Lord Howard de Walden. The three-year-old form is all of a nohow, and the classics become more open every day. Strongbow was narrowly beaten by another unfancied



CAPTAIN J. M. CLAYTON, OWNER OF THE SPONGER

His colt won the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile Spring Three-Year-old Stakes at Newmarket, and is expected to have a good cut at the Guineas (to-day). "Boxer" Cannon, who trains him, is in terrific form at the moment

outsider of "Boxer" Cannon's, but though a good classic horse should be able to win at all distances, this five-furlong race can hardly be said to have put him out of court. At the same time he didn't seem to be going so well at the business end of the race as he ought, though he showed brilliant

(Continued on p. 21)



Poole, Dublin

LADY NELSON AT PUNCHESTOWN

Another Conyngham Cup day snapshot at Ireland's most famous steeplechase course. Lady Nelson is the wife of Sir James Hope Nelson, Bart., and a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Loftus Bryan

WEDDING GUESTS AND THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING



THE HON. HELEN ASTLEY'S WEDDING:
LORD AND LADY SUFFIELD ARRIVING



THE HON. CECILIA KEPPEL, THE HON. SYLVIA COKE, AND (right) MISS JOY
VERNEY AND HER SHY BROTHER OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE



AT EPSOM: MRS. GRINDLEY, CAPTAIN DEMPSEY, LADY DE TRAFFORD, LORD LOVAT, LADY CURZON, AND LORD SEFTON

The Hon. Helen Astley's wedding to Mr. Ian Bulloch drew a large number of well-known people to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last week, among them those at the top of this page. Lord Hastings gave away his eldest daughter, whose simple ivory satin frock with its train of Brussels lace over gold tissue was most becoming. Lady Suffield, an attractive figure among the guests, is a future beneficiary under the recently published will of her cousin, the late Major W. S. G. Morris of Castle Pigyn, who was killed while hunting with the Penylan Hounds. Miss Cecilia Keppel and Miss Sylvia Coke are the daughters respectively of Lord Bury and Lord Coke, and Miss Verney is the daughter of Sir Harry Lloyd Verney and Lady Joan Verney. Glorious weather prevailed for the second day of the Epsom Spring Meeting, and, with the Nonsuch Stakes providing an important trial for the first of the classics, racing "regulars" were to be seen on every hand. Lord Sefton is a very well-known member of the Jockey Club, and is also on the National Hunt Committee. Lady de Trafford's husband owns some good horses, and few meetings of any import are complete without Lady Curzon of Kedleston



Howard Coster

MR. JOHN NORTH

Whose new novel, "St. Peter and The Profile," is the story of the life and death of one Sir St. Peter Ledborough, a once eminent portrait painter. The story is vigorously written with an admirable blend of humour and pathos. Mr. John North is a barrister by profession but has virtually deserted the Law for Literature

empty jug. But I don't quite see how anybody is going to make either a silent film or a talkie out of Joseph Hergesheimer's new novel, "The Party Dress" (Knopf. 7s. 6d.), even although it is nearly all dialogue. The characters act, talk, and are far too real and human ever to make young lovers sit hand-in-hand in complete agreement that "this indeed is the Life!"—with another Capital. It may perhaps enchant certain middle-aged women whose determination to keep young at heart encourages them to schoolgirl skittishness, because the story begins by a woman of forty-two being so transmogrified by a new dress "straight from Paris" costing five hundred dollars that she could snap her fingers at a second chin, laugh at the uninvited "bulge," and the first evening she put it on find the one man whose love she had been waiting for all her life—find him and keep him. He is not, of course, her husband. A mere husband would never be seduced afresh by a dress which cost five hundred dollars—because of the five hundred dollars! Nevertheless, so cleverly has Mr. Hergesheimer sketched in the married life of Nina and Henry Wilson that there are moments when you seem actually to hear two typical husbands and wives talking, and the result is almost a feeling as of intrusion. In Nina Henry, too, he has given us an excellent portrait of a certain type of woman. A woman, moreover, who while not yet having

A Good Novel.

A SHORT while back most popular novels used to be planned as if the writer had one eye, should the book prove a failure, on the possibility that some Big American Producer—this is the age of Capitals, of course!—would seize upon it to make a revoltingly sentimental film. That day of flashlight incidents has passed, however. Result: too many light novels have become hoped-for preludes to possible Talkies. Garrulous to a degree. So that even those which you enjoyed you dread to meet again in that supulchral atmosphere which has now descended upon picture palaces, and to listen to them again as though spoken through the nose into an

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

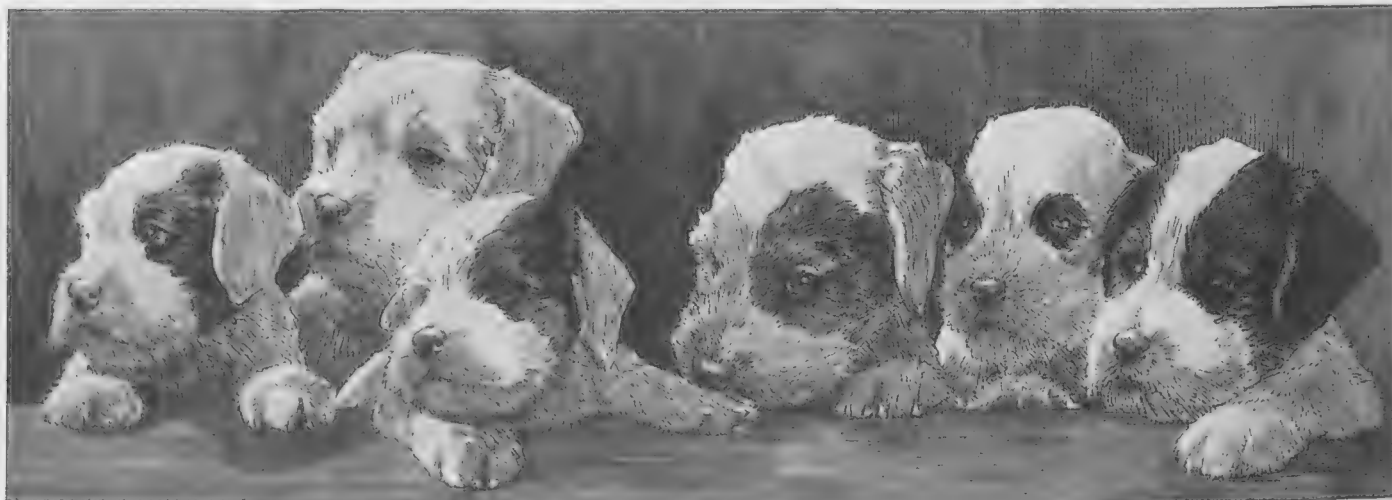
arrived at the dangerous age, has nevertheless arrived at the seethingly restless prelude to it. But then both Nina and her husband have reached that stage in life, though happily they have reached it together. It makes mutual understanding and mutual forgiveness so much easier. For Henry was in love with one of his wife's friends, Cora; a quiet, "deep" woman, who responded up to a point and then, for the sake of conventionality, her reputation, and a secret dislike of immorality, went no further. It was an understanding rather than an intrigue on both sides. With Nina, however, her affair with Chalke was far more an intrigue without understanding. In the vulgar rapidness of Society in a small but wealthy American town he stood out as being something so totally different as to appear unique. He hated Society, he hated America, he despised conventional religion, he loathed the ostentatious aspects of what the modern world likes to mistake for "civilization." He lived by himself on a sugar plantation in Cuba in a mental world of his own. He was so totally alien to every man whom Nina had ever met that in her mood of inner restlessness she was ready to break up all that world which had been the background to her life up to that moment and to live with him until divorce from Henry set her free to marry him. Yet for a long time Chalke, although he had told her of his love, recoiled from her conventional physical on-comings, which were alone the aspect of love as Nina and her "set" understood it. Because she tempted him and because at last he fell, he left her without warning, and later on committed suicide. A curious study in the moral-cum-honesty complex; rare, but easy to understand. We leave Nina and Henry at last, an elderly married couple, resigned, not unhappy; having had their post-matrimonial romance, and ready to become middle-aged and—just that for the rest of their lives. Mr. Hergesheimer has given us a rather remarkable story, and has told it admirably. His picture of American Society in a provincial town should, however, make prohibitionists gasp. Both the men and the women get drunk and think nothing of it. If a dance hangs fire for a moment you just pick up a strange man, go to his car outside, and take a long drink out of his flask—usually gin or whisky. A gaily alcoholic picture! Incidentally, "The Party Dress" contains some of the most interesting dialogues on the subject of men and women which I have ever read.

Thoughts from "The Party Dress."

"I suppose love does make the world go round, but it goes so often in the wrong direction."

"Girls do seem to get old younger, but then boys stay young older. Girls are born with experience, boys are not. They have to find everything out, and usually it takes them forty years or even more to do it."

(Continued on p. 254)



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

One of the many very charming pictures in Nina Scott-Langley's exhibition of original drawings of dogs and cats, which was opened at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, on Thursday, May 1. Nina Scott-Langley takes very high rank amongst animal artists, as this specimen of her work evidences

HIS "ART"

By George Belcher



"My 'usband's a decorator"

"A what?"

"A decorator. You know, paper-hangin' and white-washing"

"Ho! a bug-blinder. Why couldn't yer say so at fust?"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

An Illuminating Light On the Poetry of Pope.

It rather like Posterity. It brings down the mighty from their seats and often gives to the humble and meek a most comfortable chair. And this even applies to a man's morals as well as to his gifts. No one, for example, would bother to read the private life of Charles II, unless of course it was particularly spicy; whereas a "life" of the gay Monarch which threw a new and almost moral light on his gay behaviour would at least provoke discussion and sell the book. At any rate you have got to go against the accepted verdict if you want to get yourself either read or heard; metaphorically speaking, twice round the running-track and nobody bothers even to look again at the "sprinter"—there's sure to be something fresher happening somewhere else. And so Miss Edith Sitwell in her very interesting study of "Alexander Pope" (Faber and Faber, 15s.) literally makes the poet sprout wings. Pope, the man who has come to us as rather a spiteful, ill-natured, friendless kind of genius. Miss Sitwell, however, uncovers almost a saint. I dare say between the two versions the truth lies—it generally does. Most of us are neither black nor white, but pale grey shot with dark grey—whichever way you happen to look at us. But, whether right or only right-ish, there does emerge from Miss Sitwell's pages the vivid picture of a real human being. And that in a critical biography, written as a labour of love, is by itself a blessed achievement from the reader's point of view. She has tackled the subject with due earnestness. Only occasionally in the Introduction, and once or twice when she has a fling at the people or the human types which she dislikes, does the Sitwellian causticity peep out—let me confess—to make us chuckle at its witty sarcasm. As a man, Pope evidently suffered from that inferiority-complex which embitters and makes "touchy" rather than hides itself away. His bodily weakness, amounting to deformity, unconsciously made him take up, at the least excuse, cudgels on his own behalf. The world was less charitable in those days, and Miss Sitwell properly chastises those once-famous men who hit at Pope through his physical handicaps—the meanest form of revenge. And I am so glad that she very properly terms that much-over-rated "wit" and self-admired "syren," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a "dreary rattle." She was. Yet, one of the most interesting portions of the book is Miss Sitwell's notes on Pope's poetry—a masterly analysis, not only of the beauty and technical perfection of the poetry of Pope, but also, so to speak, of the whole art of all poetry if it is to touch perfection as a mental inspiration and a piece of flawless workmanship. Incidentally, a delightful picture of the period forms an unobtrusive background to this biography. Miss Sitwell has not overdone the powder and patchery, and probably because she has not done so, the world she resuscitates is a real world and not merely a canvas of stage scenery which, however accurate in detail, still remains scenery with puppets in fancy-dress moving in the foreground. A most attractive and rather amusing frontispiece, which also adorns the dust-cover, by that clever young artist Rex Whistler, shows a bust of Pope eyeing suspiciously a super-vegetarian-looking Miss Sitwell in an attitude which might represent that which in a life hereafter, when we are no longer bothered by our bodies, will be a "click."

A Book of Great Charm.

Ever since she wrote "Letters to my Son," Miss Winifred James has always held a firm place in my affection. Most of her later books, too, have only helped to increase my admiration. Her latest, "London is my Lute" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), is a series of what some people might call "trivial experiences," and, from the high-brow attitude, they might possibly be right, were it not for the fact that they are just these trivial experiences which go to make up the joy, the sorrow, the adventure, the whole glamour of life. Sometimes the subject of these little essays in reminiscence is so slight that to describe it in so many bald words would make you wonder how any one could render it even readable. But Miss James not only makes them readable, she makes them a delight to read.

Her humour, her sympathy, that ineffable "something" in her style which, for want of a better word, one can only call "charm," make them adorable. They are all so short, too, that she does not give us opportunity to realize about what a simple, everyday subject she is writing. Laughter and tenderness alternate in her pages, and just because most of her experiences coincide with our own, her book gathers us into a most intimate, friendly atmosphere which is delightful. Of what does she write? you ask. Well, she writes of the things which happen to any woman who is "on her own"; who is not very well off; who has a little home in London; who works for her living and is tremendously interested in queer people and fresh places. Here is a sample of the book's quality. The subject is the tragedy of the out-size female figure: "I know always beforehand what is going to happen. Asking a little wearily for the large-size department, I shall be directed by some condescending young herrings in scanty black satin to a corner about a mile and a half from the starting-point. Losing my way several times—for this shameful place is always well hidden—I shall be wafted, on by more herrings, both young and old, and arrive at another place which is not a department, but a single rack bearing the same relationship to fashion as a bun-treat does to a theatrical garden-party. In all cases a veritable Chamber of Horrors in which, on rare occasions, may hang one horror less outraging than the others. Because I have grown in width it is assumed by the dress designer that my arms have continued to grow in length, and I

am offered a garment the sleeves of which would fit a chimpanzee . . . For styles the back numbers of the fashion magazine must have been searched to find those which were worn by the cast-iron matrons of the 'nineties, when it was apparently considered virtuous and in keeping with approaching years to hang yourself with fal-lals and do-dahs." Perhaps, "London is my Lute" may be a "woman's book," but men will also find it amusing and full of "understanding" as well. It is a little volume of great charm—charm which is almost personal, and has little to do with either style or subject.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xlviii of this issue]



ARTURO TOSCANINI

The famous conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York as Autori sees him, who besides being a good artist is a famous opera singer. Toscanini was born at Parma in 1867, and his permanent address is the Scala Opera House, Milan. Toscanini is coming over to London with his own band very shortly to give a series of big concerts. The instruments of this band are said to have cost over £30,000

FROM ALL ANGLES



FRED AND ADÈLE ASTAIRE

A novel method of presenting a variety of aspects of the human face, and not unlike the one made familiar by the Photomaton—you pay your shilling and you get a multiplicity of pictures, one or two of which you may think almost nice enough to give to your enemies! The two popular people who have been taken unawares, as it would appear, danced themselves into the heart of London first of all in "Stop Flirting," and the door has remained open ever since. Their return visits are always eagerly looked forward to by their countless admirers on this side of the Atlantic. The Astaires are opening in New York very shortly in a new Ziegfeld revue called "Tom, Dick, and Harry," with Marilyn Miller, and are certain to score their customary success

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



THE CENTRAL INDIA HORSE TEAM

The Regimental team which this year won the Inter-Regimental and the Prince of Wales' Polo Tournaments. The team is a 27-goal one, and the names, from left to right, are: Captain M. Cox (5), Captain A. G. Alexander (6), Major A. H. Williams (9), Captain R. George (7). The Prince of Wales' Tournament, which is the virtual championship of India, has never been won by a regimental team before. In the final this team beat the well-known Jodhpur team by 11-3. Captain George was No. 1 for England in 1927 in the second match v. America, and a "possible" for 1930

THE first trial matches played by our projected International team at that wonderful spot, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, were interesting, but it would be unwise to believe that they tell us very much. They were only intended as pipe-openers for both the men and the ponies; but if they did nothing else they told anyone who was sensible enough to go down and see them, that in the event of the weather treating us scurvily, and the London grounds, which are on clay soil for the most part, becoming impossible, at the Beaufort Club and its annexe at Down Farm, there are polo grounds which will stand up to almost any kind of deluge. Furthermore, at these two spots they have already eight grounds—seven of them match size, and all on a subsoil of gravel and stone which causes them to drain well and never get into that hopeless condition which a clay subsoil produces. If the worst befalls there are in these eight grounds down in Wiltshire arenas in which practice can be carried forward, because they have a ground for each playing day of the week and two over! I had no idea until I saw these Beaufort grounds, for which a patriotic Canadian sportsman who I understand desires to remain anonymous is to be thanked, plus Major T. J. Longworth, who has worked so hard to make them what they are, were so marvellous. It is the biggest thing in polo centres in Europe, and perhaps even in the world, and soon they are to have a ninth ground. This I should think beats anything they have under one hat, as may be said in America. Being keenly interested in the question of "all weather" polo grounds, this enterprise appeals to me greatly, because it is this fickle climate of ours which is our greatest enemy. This match ground on which the International trial was

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

played on April 26, plus another match, in which our hard-riding Australian visitors, Goulburn, knocked a Beaufort scratch team endways, cut up, it is true, but it was not as badly knocked about after these two games as one would have expected, and this on top of heavy and persistent rain for at least a day and a night before. I examined it just after the second match after the divots had only been trodden in. When the fleet of motor rollers, which they have at the B.H.P.C. had a go it went down good and hard again and was quite ready to be played on again. And they have eight of these against our very much restricted supply of London and Worcester Park grounds. I do not say that this match ground was as fast as a ground should be if a team is to get polo at International pace, but I think, taking attendant circumstances into consideration, it was a wonderful performance. What is most marvellous of all is that all this has been done in a year. Major Longworth and his coadjutors have performed a miracle.

As to these two sighting shots of the International teams I do not think it is either fair or necessary to say very much. The projected team had the pick of the ponies, and it was up against scratch formations. It is no real test, and any analysis might be misleading. Captain Tremayne, the kindly dictator, was himself in first-class form, never out of his place and so certain that his back, Mr. Guinness, was quite entitled to go up into the game as much as he did. Captain Roark is always a delight to watch even when he is not putting it all in, and Major Phipps-Hornby was as full of dash as ever, and in the course of the first match got bumped over but luckily was not damaged beyond a bluggy nose! Of the scratch team against them most of us felt sure we saw a near future International in Mr. Gerald Balding. Major Atkinson, the veteran of two Internationals, was only just off the ship from India and on strange ponies. He would have been quite justified in asking to be allowed to stand down for a bit before being put into an International trial which some people might take seriously. No one must do this. There is no room to say much about the ponies, but they are a really beautiful lot and most of them literally bucking fit; in fact one "pony," and they said he goes a full 16, is due for being sent back to school. He had his own ideas about stopping; this being, of course, quite against the rules.



LORD STAVORDALE, LIEUT.-COLONEL T. P. MELVILL, AND MAJOR T. J. LONGWORTH

At the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club Spring Tournament at Norton last week. Lord Stavordale is the Blues' "A" No. 1; Colonel Melvill, the famous ex-17th and ex-International No. 1; and Major Longworth, the hon. sec. and manager of this wonderful Beaufort Hunt Polo Club, with eight grounds available

At that lunch given by Lord Cowdray, chairman of the Hurlingham Polo Committee, at which the selected team, its spares, so far as they had then been mobilized, the members of the Hurlingham Polo Committee, the visiting Australian team, and a good many other people were present, said in an excellent speech, that he enjoined upon everyone connected in any kind of way with this enterprise of the 1930 attack upon the America Cup a spirit of optimism, and further that he hoped that any criticism which might be levelled at the team would be of the constructive order. Lord Cowdray said that the Hurlingham Polo Committee having come to the conclusion that the appointment of a "dictator" in the person of Captain C. H. Tremayne was better than a body of selectors, it was everyone's business to back him up.

In these notes in THE TATLER last year, when this decision was first made known, the following was written:

Captain Charles Tremayne, 11th Hussars, has been given supreme command, as all the world now knows, and

(Continued on p. xxiv)

A "TATLER" FASHION

"The Tatler" will publish every Month an original Fashion Design by Gordon Conway suitable for the Season.



A frock for the morning of blue crepella made with a bolero and two pleats on both sides of the skirt. The scarf is attached to the dress and can be worn tied around the neck. The belt has a crystal buckle as the top on the antelope bag. The blue and white beads are of carved wood. The beret has a bandeau of grosgrain

POURPRE D'ORIENT

(CRIMSON of the ORIENT)



ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

MOTHER AND SON IN THE STUDIO

Mrs. Thirlwall
Philipson and
Christopher



THAT'S A GOOD BOY

Christopher Philipson, a very genial young gentleman, made a rattling success of his recent visit to the photographer. He is just over a year old, lives in Chester Terrace, and encourages his parents in their belief that he is a quite exceptional baby. Major Thirlwall Philipson's smart and pretty wife is the elder daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Gladstone and a granddaughter of the late Sir Steuart Colvin Bayley, G.C.S.I. Her marriage took place in October, 1927

*Photographs by
Hay Wrightson*





TONY IN A LOVE SCENE WITH MINN LEE

Tony Perelli is Chicago's Doge of crime and Minn Lee is one of the things called his dames. She kills herself out of despair when she finds Tony has killed someone in order to possess himself of his "dame," Maria Pouliski. The police then pounce on Tony and arrest him for Minn Lee's murder which, of course, he has not committed—but they work it out that although Chicago juries may be yellow they are, thank "Gard," sentimental!

"I MAY not be good-looking, but I'm fruity," Mr. George Robey once said in one of those confidential outbursts in which his pantomime dances proclaimed the victory of eyebrows over highbrows. In somewhat similar parlance *On the Spot*, Mr. Edgar Wallace's latest melodramatic best-seller, may not be edifying, but it's tremendously entertaining; one of those fact-is-stranger-than-fiction plays in which "good theatre" is favourably matched with bad morals.

Altogether the moralist is in a bit of a hole. The still small voice of conscience insists on making one or two observations. Such as that booze, bootlegging, brothels, and cold-blooded murder as dramatic themes are not exactly overflowing with uplift. Or that law-abiding Britishers, faced with their own problems, should not be concerned overmuch with the criminal madness of America's Sodom-cum-Gomorrah. And so on.

On the other hand the instinct which views the theatre not only as a place of entertainment but as a mirror of contemporary thought and life the world over, remains acutely conscious that under certain circumstances telescopes may be legitimately applied to blind eyes.

In terms of ethnology, politics, and (not without significance) dollars, America invites our focus as critics, observers, relations, and, to a growing extent, followers. Cocktails, mass-produced motor-cars, syncopation, musical comedies, talking films, sister acts, safety razors, advertising, are examples of borrowed phenomena which place an offer by the United States to take over the Old Country as a going concern a century hence within the bounds of practical politics. Whereupon Mr. Shaw, who will then be within sight of his two-hundredth birthday, will produce a copy of *The Apple Cart* from his beard and decline or accept American citizenship, with loud protestations of "I told you so."

But that is another story. Meanwhile here is a "thick-ear" play which is definitely "not quite nice" and definitely well worth seeing on its merits as a sound piece of observant, pithy, and unimpeachable craftsmanship by an author who is both a man of the world and a man of the theatre. Mr. Wallace dedicates it to his "good friends" William Russell, Chief Commissioner, and John Stege, Deputy Commissioner of the Chicago Police Department, who daily and hourly are dealing effectively with situations more incredible and more fantastical than any depicted in *On the Spot*. Half-an-hour in Tony Perelli's apartment on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, would place a row of queries to this

THE PASSING SHOWS

"On the Spot," at Wyndham's Theatre

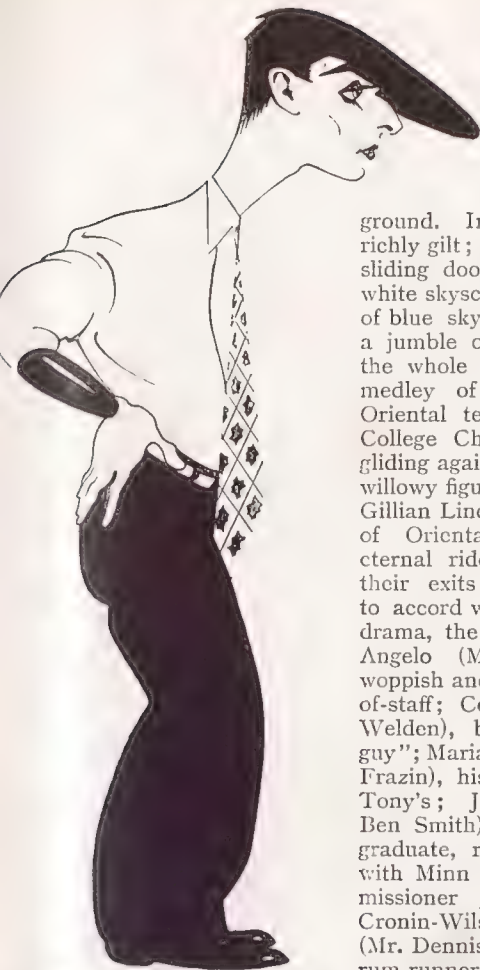
suggestion were it not for the newspapers and the fact that Mr. Wallace has been to see for himself how bootlegging is conducted by graft and machine-guns.

What he says, therefore, goes. Mr. Charles Laughton's booze-racketeer can be accepted as the very model of a modern wet-bob. The recollection of this unctuous villain even now sends a slight shudder down the spine. Mr. Laughton, specialist in fleshly repugnance, sees to that by giving the picture of this vain, bestial, murdering "Wop" the full values of light and shade. There are several Tony Perellis and all of them *horribile visu*. First the musician, spitting at the name of Wagner, playing the organ and musing on to-night's opera. Then the lover, pawing and slobbering over his subordinate's "woman" while his Chinese mistress looks on dispassionately. Then the gang-leader, calling for machine-gunners, bluffing the "coppers," and even crossing himself at an image of the Virgin before a visit to Police Headquarters; then the Judas, sending a boy to his death—putting him "on the spot," in bootlegging parlance, to appease the gunmen of a rival gang; then the David "bumping off" a yellow-livered travesty of Uriah and so combining



GETTING GAY WITH HIS GUN

Mr. Ben Welden as Con O'Hara, one of the many temperamental inhabitants of Chicago to whom Mr. Edgar Wallace presents us in his most exciting shooting match

MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS
(ANGELO)

Perelli's right-hand man—a brother "wop"—in a non-stop life of booze, bribery, and worse

Scene 1 (the casualty ward in a Chicago hospital) plunges us straight into the presence of death. One of Mike Feeney's gang has been "bumped off" by Jimmy and O'Hara on Tony's orders. Mike threatens reprisals, mainly because his sister, being now a widow and a plain one, finds existence without the victim excessively dull. Pausing on a note of humour, one notes with relish the horticultural etiquette of a bootlegger's funeral. Tony's floral harp "with deepest sympathy" cost 2,000 dollars. There is something supremely touching in the thought of a murderer encasing his victim in a silver coffin.

Tony and Mike meet, first disgorging a brace of "rods" apiece as a sign that the conference is on the level. "Rod," it appears, is slang for revolver. O'Hara mentions that when he pulls one on a guy the latter's first name is "late." Similar wise-cracks abound. In fact the dialogue throughout is in the author's crispest vein. Enough said.

The rest of the story is divided between Tony's conquest of Maria and the little matter of business which ends in the death of Jimmy and O'Hara. Jimmy meets it cheerfully, for Minn Lee, knowing the boy is being put "on the spot," has gladly given him all. O'Hara shirks the appointment made for him with death, and returns to reclaim his inconstant mistress and settle his score with Tony. Tony's "rod," hidden by a black hat, speaks first, and as the victim falls three stalwarts fling him into a box-sofa and wheel that

Business with Pleasure in two (silent) shots.

But to see Tony range from sentimentalist to sensualist it is necessary to envisage his background. In one corner an organ, richly gilt; nearby a balcony with sliding doors, giving a glimpse of white skyscrapers against a patch of blue sky; furniture and *décor* a jumble of everything bizarre; the whole a flamboyant rococo medley of baroque brothel, Oriental temple, and Brasenose College Chapel. Glittering and gliding against all this the slender willowy figure of Minn Lee (Miss Gillian Lind), one more exponent of Oriental fatalism and the eternal riddle of love. Timing their exits and their entrances to accord with the rising tide of drama, the other protagonists—Angelo (Mr. Emlyn Williams) woppish and uppish, Tony's chief-of-staff; Con O'Hara (Mr. Ben Welden), braggart and "yellow guy"; Maria Pouliski (Miss Gladys Frazin), his woman, soon to be Tony's; Jimmy McGarth (Mr. Ben Smith), ex-thief and undergraduate, rhapsodically in love with Minn Lee; Detective Commissioner John Kelly (Mr. W. Cronin-Wilson); and Mike Feeney (Mr. Dennis Wyndham), the rival run-runner.

With enough local knowledge in his possession to write half-a-dozen melodramas, small wonder that Mr. Wallace, with his knack of telling a plain tale with sufficient embroideries, has made a good job out of the material in hand.

handy receptacle away like expert scene-shifters.

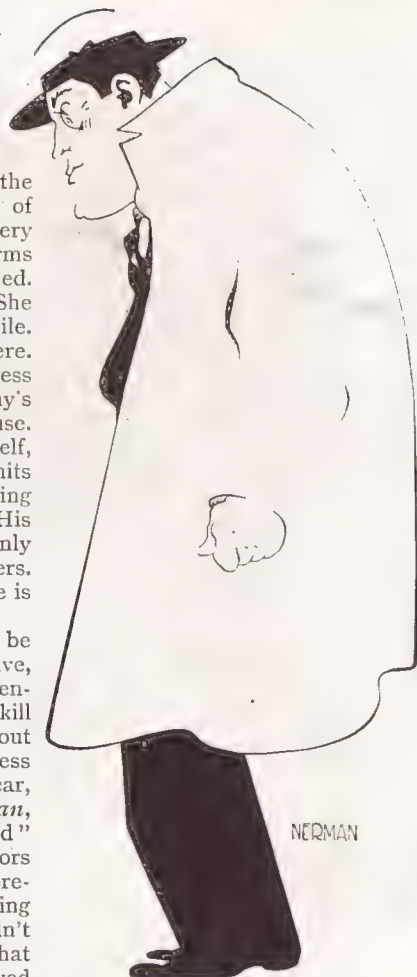
It is now time for Tony, having removed the owner of his new mistress and made things right with Mike, to pave the way for the departure of Minn Lee. The jewellery with which her shapely arms are loaded is old-fashioned. It must be re-set. She must go away for a while. Minn Lee knows where. To Cicero, as manageress and leading lady of Tony's most exclusive vice-house. A suite of rooms to herself, friends, lovers. Tony omits to mention the succeeding stages in the journey. His brothels do not cater only for the sons of stockbrokers. In the lowest of all there is no colour bar.

"Our juries may be yellow," says the detective, "but, by God, they're sentimental." You can kill men in Chicago, going about your racketeering business in a private armoured-car, but if you kill a woman, then not all the "squared" judges and corrupt senators on your pay roll can prevent the police from getting you hanged. Tony didn't kill Minn Lee because that fatalistic lady (who loved him, if you please, with a devotion mocking the laws of logic) took matters and a paper-knife into her own hand. But Commissioner Kelly, whose day was apparently mainly spent in strolling in and out of Tony's apartments, happened to walk in at the critical moment. While Tony moaned and groaned over the body the tec rapidly burnt the good-bye sheet of notepaper, the only evidence of suicide. Thus Tony, who had killed twenty men without let or hindrance, was doomed to croak for a crime he had never committed. A stirring end to a stirring play.

The acting reaches a high level of team-work, and includes many excellent individual performances.

The vigour of Miss Gladys Frazin's illiterate cocotte is matched by an eccentricity of coiffure which Tony, one hopes, would have altered had he lived to strew her path with sables. Mr. Emlyn Williams, Mr. Ben Welden, Mr. Cronin-Wilson, and Mr. Dennis

Wyndham give admirable character-studies. Miss Gillian Lind, having distinguished herself by quiet, sensitive methods, is not too happily placed as "the Americanised chink; perhaps Miss Anna May Wong might have solved the conundrum. "TRINCULO."



THE SLEUTH

Mr. W. Cronin-Wilson as Commissioner Kelly, who finally "gets" Tony Perelli for a murder he has not committed. Kelly tears up Minn Lee's written confession of suicide and takes a chance on getting Tony into The Chair



MARIA AND TONY

The purloined lady of the man Tony has "bumped off" doing a bit of petting whilst this artist in crime plays the organ. Miss Gladys Frazin plays Maria Pouliski as well as an unsympathetic part will allow her to do

"Killing" Salmon on the Boyne



LADY WODEHOUSE AT BEAU PARC



LADY LAMBART AND SIR OLIVER LAMBART



MISS JOSEPHINE FLETCHER



MR. J. FLETCHER

Lady Wodehouse, the wife of Lord Wodehouse, the famous ex-International polo player and present member of the Hurlingham Polo Committee, was Lady Lambart's guest at Beau Parc, Co. Meath, when the picture seen above was taken. Lady Lambart is the widow of the first baronet, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Francis Lambart, and the present baronet, Sir Oliver Lambart, who was born in 1913, is their only son. She is a sister of Lieut.-Colonel Moore Brabazon, the daring Irishman who flew in England before any British-born person did so, and who in 1909 won a big prize for flying a circular mile on an all-British machine. Aviation has made a few strides forward since then! Miss Josephine Fletcher, whose engagement to Lord Pollington, Lord Mexborough's son and heir, was recently announced, and her brother, Mr. J. Fletcher, were fishing the Slane Castle water on the Boyne. Their father, Captain Andrew Fletcher, who used to be in the 2nd Life Guards, has taken a three years' lease of this fishing, and he and his family are living at Ardmullachan House, Navan

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



James Maycock

LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY, M.P.

The member for the Stoke-upon-Trent Division since 1929 in the present Labour Government, is one of the few instances in the present Parliament of members of the same family being in the House together, as her husband, Sir Oswald Mosley, has been Labour member for Smethwick since 1926. Mr. Lloyd-George and Miss Megan Lloyd-George are another instance. Lady Cynthia Mosley is the second daughter of the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston and of the first Lady Curzon, who was Miss Mary Leiter



PRISCILLA IN PARIS



JANE MARNAC

An impression by "Tor" of the celebrated French actress as she appears in the French version of Noel Coward's "Bitter-Sweet," which is at the Apollo Theatre in Paris. Jane Marnac in this play looks as if she had stepped straight out of a picture of the late George Du Maurier

fashioned pub we all wot of that is run by one of the Kaiser's ex-chefs. Unless I am greatly "mistook" you will find it fully described in Grant Richards' useful book, "The Coast of Pleasure."

The food there is as good as ever, but, alas and alack, they have "done up" the place. The stodgy old mahogany of the dining-room has been modernized. Bastard wood and worse velvet (of the frappé kind), and contorted electric-light fittings. Somebody has to pay for this of course, and so the poor-fool-traveller has to put up with Ritz prices. My dearest enemy has never accused me of being mean . . . but I *do* object to paying 10 francs for a cocktail in the Provinces. "Why have the cocktail habit?" you ask. My reason for taking to drink, Très Cher, was that I needed consolation after having barged into Cecile Sorel's motor accident between Sens and Fontainebleau! Car turned turtle and gave her a nasty shock, as well as badly spraining her arm. Plenty cars on the road and therefore witnesses a-many, which is just as well in an age when a mellow actress of great physical attractions is not allowed to have a motor accident without a scoffing public tenderly enquiring the name of the surgeon and "where or what did he lift?"

Next day the rain he rained and the hail she hurtled. The roads were like something invented for an amusement park attraction, only I was not amused nor was I attracted. Add to that my silencer developed a chatter and you will understand that I drove into Aix in no very sweet mood. However, the Hôtel du Roy René is, "it," and their garage has both a pit and a handy-man who has a way with indiscreet silencers! The evening and night were better than the morning and afternoon.

No . . . not really Paris, Très Cher! I am penning this (hoping as how it finds you as well as it leaves me) from the Sunny South that, since my arrival, is very kindly living up to its reputation.

Paris was so damcold on Easter Sunday that I up-ed and away-ed (especially as my winter-supply-of-coal-at-summer-prices had given out!). I had a splendid run on the first day. The "National 7" road is remarkably smooth now; I can remember the time, not so long ago, when it was one vast pot-hole! I managed even to survive the icy blast around Saulieu—how frozen that bleak plateau always is—and pushed on to Maçon bent on enjoying a good evening blow-out at a certain pleasant old-

The Roy René is run by the same management as that cosy hotel at Brignoles . . . the Tivoli (isn't it?). Not cheap, of course, but the prices are "marked" in the rooms, the service is charged (10 per cent.), and dogs are allowed to take 10 francs' worth wear and tear out of the furniture (and the kitchen) per night. At least one knows where one is at such pubs, and this makes for pleasant feelings.

Being fed up with so much high living, I decided (weather permitting) to picnic on the road next day. Wonderful sunshine, so hot that when I stopped by a burbling stream for lunch and the dog (his name is "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing," after the Dawg of unforgettable memory) went in swimming, he was dry almost before I could get my best Billingsgate flowing. Don't like wet dogs in dry cars as a rule, do you?

I slid into Cannes in time for an after-picnic coffee, which I enjoyed overlooking the very crowded harbour. Everything very gay and festive. I haven't "been South" for a couple of years . . . and I'd rather forgotten its hackneyed but very real charm. Finally here am I staying with kindly friends in a charming house perched on Montboron, overlooking the Baie des Auges. A little pine wood—*pinède*—stretches upwards at the back of the place, which is pleasant for the pup (i.e., Paddy-the-etc.), and my room gives on to a sun-filled loggia, where I now sit wasting my time (and yours, ducky) with pen and ink.

I am really in the somewhat comatose mood that follows on a "fish" luncheon at Antoine's. Such a *bouillabaisse*, not too much garlic or saffron but just a perfect touch of both, such delicious fish and lobster, and such crisp little *croutons*. . . . A sweet-voiced wench sang to the accompaniment of her guitar, a flower-vendor gave away huge bunches of lilies of the valley almost for nothing. . . . Indeed, a most agreeable repast. I had a pre-luncheon Small One at Vogue's of course. All the gossip of Paris is heard there long before the daily papers arrive. Everybody knew about Sorel and discussion anent *her* anatomy reminded the scandalmongers of the mishap that has just occurred to Colette Andris, a young *bachelière des lettres*, who is (also)



MLLE. RODRIGUEZ

The late General Primo de Rivera's niece, who is captaining the Spanish Women's National Hockey Team, which is now on tour, and has won its matches against Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, and France

(Cont. on p. xxvi)



ANITA PAGE IN "THE NAVY BLUES"

Hurrell

The costume in which the charming lady is seen is not one which is usually worn on board a ship, but it comes in during this sea story in which Anita Page's opposite number is William Harris. Anita Page, who is a diminutive blonde, is only just twenty and made her début in 1928 in some productions which were financed by Harry K. Thaw. After that she went to Hollywood, where the Paramount Company at once recognized the fact that she was a typical ingénue for the pictures. She has been very full of work ever since and is now a fixed star

EAST AND WEST OF SUEZ

A Page of Personalities



COMING OVER: MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY
MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON

East and West met with enthusiasm when members of the Danish Royal Family recently paid an official visit to China, the first in thirty years. Mme. Chiang-kai Shek, who is seen above with Princess Axel of Denmark, is the wife of the head of the Chinese Nationalist Government

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody will be coming to England quite soon to defend her title at Wimbledon and to play in the Wightman Cup matches. It is reported that the lady lawn tennis champion of the world is in better fettle than ever this year and is likely to retain the coveted distinction she first won in 1927

Sir Henri Deterding has crossed the Atlantic in the opposite direction, possibly to pour oil on troubled waters, though he predicts a world increase in its price. His charming wife is a daughter of the late General Paul Kondayaroff



DANISH ROYALTY IN NANKING: H.R.H. PRINCESS AXEL
OF DENMARK WITH MME. CHIANG-KAI SHEK



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HONEYDEW



HENRY VIII'S SHOOTING BOX, GLEBE PLACE

THE BRIGHTER CHELSEA.

Written and Illustrated by Chas. Pears, R.O.I.

AT the end of Oakley Street is an iron bridge. It should be forgotten, but the river should be remembered, for it bends there as though it were bowing its respects to Chelsea.

Cheyne Walk, which follows the course of the river because it likes the river, has perhaps more interesting houses, both historically and architecturally, than any other place in the world.

In a little public garden there is a statue of Carlyle seated with his back to houses of his own period. Under the seat is a pile of books indicating that Carlyle was a writer, as though the weariness on his face were not enough to proclaim him the maker of many books. Near by is the house in which he lived. There forgathered great thinkers and there was much talk and many eloquent silences.



ARTIST'S COTTAGE IN CHEYNE ROW

the genuine artist has no grouse against this, but what does enrage is that the invader with his two thousand pound Bentley is a little, we say amateurish, in his economies. The result is that the rent of studios has become prohibitive. A studio which before this invasion



OFF THE KING'S ROAD

Carlyle said many things of which one would not have liked to have been the recipient. I wonder whether the name is remembered of the man who, silently worshipping at the shrine of these great gatherings, one night found himself there alone with Carlyle not in the mood for talk. Our friend from sheer nervousness found himself talking, and he talked on until it was time to go, when Carlyle showing him to the door said "Well, good night. Y're a poor thing!"

Whistler's house, looking singularly like his work in colour and in unturbulent design, is there, overlooking the river, and further on is Turner's house; but there are many doorways which call for investigation as to who dwelt there once and who dwells there now. How much does elegance of design suggest elegance of mind behind it? In this I do not think of doors which are painted emerald green nor those of beaten copper. All that is good in Chelsea is an insinuation, not a smack in the eye.

But, alas, the smack in the eye has come to Chelsea. Mayfair has besieged it; from there has flocked the "new poor," no longer able to go the entertaining pace which Mayfair sets. A studio party is the thing; quite cheap and very attractive this artistic life, don't you know, with its slightly underworld suggestion. Then ultra modern painting is such that anybody can do it, and why not pose as an artist as well?



TURNER'S HOUSE, ON THE EMBANKMENT

rented at £50 a year is now let at £200. Reconditioned workmen's dwellings, which were at one time let at £35 a year are now let, often to titled people, at something like £250, for the Sitwells live in Chelsea and it is good to be near 'em. Should it get out that Augustus John recently dined at one of the little cafés the invaders queue up to feed there.

The café life which was is not the same. The Six Bells still harbours the more solid type of real artist. The Bassi Café on Sunday nights will often feed a group of "genuines." Ye Olde Candy Shoppe feeds weavers and makers of lampshades and such like things, and many more people of all kinds and descriptions.

At the Blue Cockatoo you lunch for 1s. 6d., and off a table covered with blue chequered gingham. So there! Even Kym's, that gay-coloured affair over a garage, is no longer what it was. There, sprinkled amongst the artists, you will get the motor salesman, and if that isn't the limit, well . . . etc.! Then there is the Good Intent—I did see a Chelsea "matador" there, and I am led to ask, is it no longer considered necessary in Chelsea for an artist to look like a bull-fighter? No doubt that is one of the things the real artist of Chelsea can have taken from him.



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A FEW FOR THE FILM FAN!



LEILA HYAMS IN "THE BIG HOUSE"



EVE SOUTHERN IN "LILIES OF THE FIELD"



HAROLD LLOYD AND MILDRED LLOYD

Beautiful, blonde Leila Hyams is at present busy finishing a film called "The Big House" just previous to which she was in "The Girl Said No," in which her opposite number was William Harris. Her other successes have been "Summer Bachelors"—an amusing farce, "The Kick Off," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "One Round Hogan," etc., etc. Eve Southern, who is a Texan, is "Pearl," one of the lilies in "Lilies of the Field," in which Corinne, Griffith, another Texan, leads. She made her screen debut in "Intolerance," the big D. W. Griffith film, in 1917, and has been with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Guacho," and in many other big films with other celebrities. Harold Lloyd and his little five-year-old daughter were having a splash in his bathing pool at his beautiful country house near Hollywood. Mrs. Harold Lloyd is Miss Mildred Davies, and the little girl's other name is Gloria, after another great movie star

THIS POLO GAME AGAIN !



AMERICA'S "BOYS' BRIGADE"—OLD AIKEN

Left to right: J. C. Rathborne, S. B. Iglehart, J. P. Mills, and E. T. Gerry



MR. GERALD BALDING AND MR. LADDIE SANFORD



Dennis Moss

CAPTAIN CHARLES TREMAYNE
(ENGLAND'S SKIPPER)

THE GOULBURN (AUSTRALIA) TEAM

Left to right: Mr. P. S. Ashton (No. 1), Mr. G. G. Ashton (No. 2), Mr. J. Ashton (No. 3), and Mr. R. R. Ashton (back)

The collection of pictures on this page is a very interesting one for several reasons: (1) Because three of the Old Aiken team, all of whom are only just about twenty, may be tried for America's International, J. C. Rathborne, S. B. Iglehart, and E. T. Gerry—they went into the final of the Monty Waterbury Cup, 1928; (2) because Mr. Gerald Balding is a quite probable English International and is already a reserve; (3) because Captain Tremayne is Britain's dictator and has his eyes very wide open indeed and may be relied upon to make no hasty decision; (4) because Mr. Laddie Sanford is the skipper of the famous Hurricanes who won the American Open and have won our championship in the past; and (5) because of the picture of our hard-riding and well-drilled invaders from Australia

IN THE NEWS OF THE HOUR



Howard Barrett

LORD AND LADY BROWNLOW AT
BELTON HOUSE



AT EPSOM: MRS. FITZGERALD, THE HON. MRS. HENRY TUFTON, CAPTAIN
FITZGERALD, AND LORD WHARNCLIFFE



AT THE NEW FOREST HUNTS BALL: CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK LEWIS, THE HON.
MRS. WHITAKER, LADY M. GROSVENOR, AND CAPTAIN CECIL SUTTON

Of the pictures in this little gallery, that of Lord and Lady Brownlow was taken at Belton just after the christening of the newly-arrived son and heir. The two Epsom groups were taken on the day Lord Derby's Servus won the Great Metropolitan, and everyone was sorry the owner was not there to see him do it. Lord Wharncliffe is an owner and used to be in the Household Cavalry, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton is a daughter-in-law of Lord Hothfield. Lord Adare is Lord Dunraven's son, and Lady Hillingdon is one of the beautiful Cadogan sisters. The New Forest United Hunts Ball was held at Brockenhurst, and was a good success in every kind of way



AT EPSOM: LADY HILLINGDON, MRS. EUAN WALLACE, AND LORD ADARE



Secret Service in Red Russia

By SIR PAUL DUKES

CHAPTER VI.

AS my difficulties increased it became more and more necessary to become at least nominally a member of the Communist Party.

The Communists in Russia resemble much more a fanatical sect than a political party. Their power and privileges are great, but at the same time the discipline and control to which they are subjected are severe. Outnumbered in the population by more than a hundred to one, the Communists control Russia by a rigid despotism that obtains also within their own ranks.

For freedom of action I needed the protective ægis of the party without its restrictive control.

My agents and assistants one by one fell away. Some vanished without trace, from others it was I who had to vanish without trace, some fled abroad. In personal matters I came to rely more and more on a little group of quite young people with whom I was on terms of close friendship.

Two of these who were brothers joined the Communist Party at my suggestion and became active members of various political committees. It was through them that I succeeded in getting registered in the party myself.

The house where they lived and where I frequently stayed had a committee consisting of half-a-dozen sailors and workmen, rampant Communists who terrorized the district. To introduce me to these in a favourable light my two friends, also members of the committee, told the sailors they had a friend staying with them who was a martyr to the revolutionary cause.

"This man's parents," they said, "were banished from Russia for socialistic views when he was three years old, and all his life he has been forced to live in the vicious capitalist countries, England and America. When the war started the English put him in prison and now have deported him as an undesirable alien. So here he is back in Soviet Russia, seriously impaired in health by his sufferings, but with one sole ambition, namely, to serve the Soviet Government and promote the world revolution."

This ingenious story both explained the imperfections in my "native" tongue, and established me as an invalid from whom the performance of arduous duties was not to be expected. It was in fact so ingenious that at first it defeated its own end. For when it was known that I spoke English, French, and German, I was promptly suggested as a suitable candidate to be sent abroad in the capacity of Bolshevik propagandist, and a large quantity of literature in various languages was sent for me to distribute.

I was obliged to fall ill again at once, and through my friends lodge a protest against being banished even in the cause of the world revolution from the Red paradise to which I had so longed to return.

I absented myself for some days "for reasons of health," and my friends meanwhile pressed my candidature to the party. In view of the exceptional circumstances of my case it was pushed through quickly, and when I returned I found myself a fully-fledged member of the Communist Party and the proud possessor of a Communist card.

The matter of my duties was settled satisfactorily because I meanwhile made arrangements

(Continued on p. x)



THE MAY DAY PROCESSION

Moscow working-men in the procession. The banner reads: "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in Defence of Peace"

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The change she sees is not a superficial one—no mere trick of altering the site of your rouge, the shade of your lipstick. Miss Arden's methods are less concerned with the surface than with what lies beneath. Surely, naturally she tones, strengthens

and builds new beauty—not simply for your face, for your whole body

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THE CONSERVATIVE BALL AT FLIXTON HALL

Sir Shafto Adair kindly lent Flixton, which is at Bungay, Suffolk, for this most popular entertainment, and it was a big success in every kind of way, though no one had much time for talking politics—not even Gandhi, Mr. Snowden, or the McKenna Duties

The names, left to right, are: On floor—Mrs. John Crowder, Miss Pamela Schreiber, the Hon. Margaret Thesiger; sitting—Mrs. Soames, Hon. Diana Skeffington, Hon. Mrs. Schreiber, Miss Eyres Monsel, Miss Kennard; standing—Captain Soames, Lieut. Rodd, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Mr. Derek Schreiber, Mr. Jack Schreiber, Mr. Philip York, Captain Cobbold, Mr. Dick Schreiber, and Miss Dent

A NOTE on Malta which appeared in THE TATLER has, I am told by the Editor, ruffled the feathers of the inhabitants of that lovely island because in it someone said that their staple diet was garlic and onions. Apparently this was taken quite seriously. I feel sure that it can never have been meant that way, and even if garlic and onions were a leading *motif* in the menu of the population I think they are very good judges! However, as I am asked to smooth things out, and as I have been there several times, I think the matter has been rather unduly magnified. The inhabitants in my day and those of Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Drury and "Private Pagett" of *The Peradventures*, who had that thrilling adventure with Agag, the horse with the "ard sarcawstic mouth," which he and some shipmates hired from a sportsman he called "Black Saliva," were extremely picturesque, especially the hooded ladies, and if Lieut.-Colonel Drury got into no trouble for his mild leg-haul it was perhaps that in those pre-war times the world's sense of humour was keener than it is to-day. Neither Colonel Drury nor THE TATLER, I feel sure, had any deliberate intention of treading upon Maltese corns. The whole population is not by any means Maltese. There was old Borg, for instance, who had that cigarette emporium in the Strada Reale in Valetta, a ripe character; I wonder to what nation he belonged, and whether his descendants still carry on the business? His cigarettes were Egyptian and Turkish, and extraordinarily good. I think he linked up somehow with Simon Artz of Port Said. There were those guides who took you to the catacombs of the Capucine monastery, to the Armoury, and to that wonderful place, the Church of St. John of Jerusalem, to say nothing of the San Antonio Gardens, where those green oranges grew, and which must be second cousins to the Gardens of the Hesperides where the fruit was all golden; and to Citta Vecchia, where St. Paul was cast ashore and where he was, so I see it said, kindly treated by the people he called "barbarians" because of their lack of a classical education. And there are those two wonderful harbours the P. & O. one and the naval one, each big enough to hold the entire Mediterranean fleet and leave

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

plenty of room over. Sydney is justly proud of her great harbour, but I think for beauty both Malta's harbours have her beaten, especially in the matter of those quaint old stone steps at the landing-place in the P. & O. harbour. It is never a dull spot, and if the sun on the white roads does make your eyes ache a bit with the glare, there is colour, movement and an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of people coming or going to the four quarters of the earth, to say nothing of the decorative note which permanent occupation by the Senior Service lends to any place. I hope these few words may help to remove any unfortunate impression which what has been said about garlic and onions obviously created. No salad, incidentally, is any use if the rim of the salad bowl is not first rubbed with a stick of that herb—and the onion is supposed to be a marvellous thing for the complexion.

In a comparison between the two men who probably will lead the two sides in the coming battle for the things called "The Ashes," I notice that one of the paragraph papers suggests boyish ebullience in A. P. F. Chapman, and taciturnity to the point of dourness in W. M. Woodfull. I do not believe that either description is exactly photographic. Mr. Chapman I am sure would hate to be described as either ebullient or even radiant, and lots of people mistake the Cornstalk imperturbability for dourness. It is possible that I may have met as many Australians in my time as the next Englishman, and about the last thing I should lay to their charge is dourness. It is not

(Continued on p. viii)



Heath & Bradnel

WESSEX SIGNALS REGIMENTAL BALL

The annual regimental ball of the 43rd (Wessex) Divisional Signals was held at the Imperial Hotel, Exeter. The guests were received by the commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Lord Basing and Lady Basing. The ball is organized annually for the Benevolent Fund of the Royal Corps of Signals, and this year's function was a tremendous success, Newman's Band adding very considerably to the enjoyment of the evening

Reading from left to right, are: seated—Sir Trehawke Kekewich, Bart., Lady Basing, Lady Kekewich; standing (back row)—Lord Listowel, Lady Gay, General Sir Arthur Gay, K.C.M.G., Mrs. Bryant, Lieut.-Colonel the Lord Basing

The Rising Generation



are all for comfort!

No doubt about it. The men and women of to-day are much, much freer than they were twenty-five years ago. Take clothes for instance. Think of those long dust-collecting trains and those ghastly whalebone constrictions that were fashionable in the Edwardian era. Terrible! Thank goodness we have said goodbye to all that. Our clothes have become freer and decidedly more comfortable. Would that the same could be said of our shoes. For, truth to tell, the majority of us are still wearing

the uncomfortably shaped shoes of a bygone generation. For ordinary shoes do not conform to the ground plan of the normal, healthy foot. They disregard its straight inner line. They squeeze and bunch it into an unnatural shape and make all walking very tiring. Cantilever Shoes rescue your feet from all discomfort. They have a straight inner line which gives your toes plenty of room and enables you to walk freely, joyously and tirelessly. You will find miles of smiles in Cantilever Shoes.

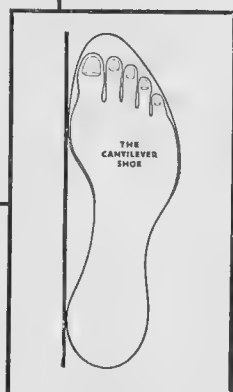
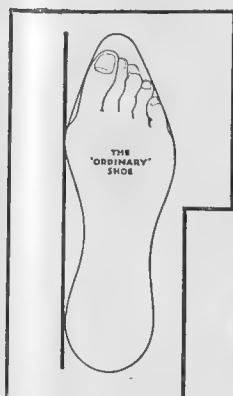
Cantilevers must be fitted by a personal call at a Cantilever Store.

Write for "Miles of Smiles," our free illustrated booklet explaining the Cantilever principle, and for the name of your nearest Cantilever Store:—

CANTILEVER LTD., NORTHAMPTON.

Cantilever Shoes

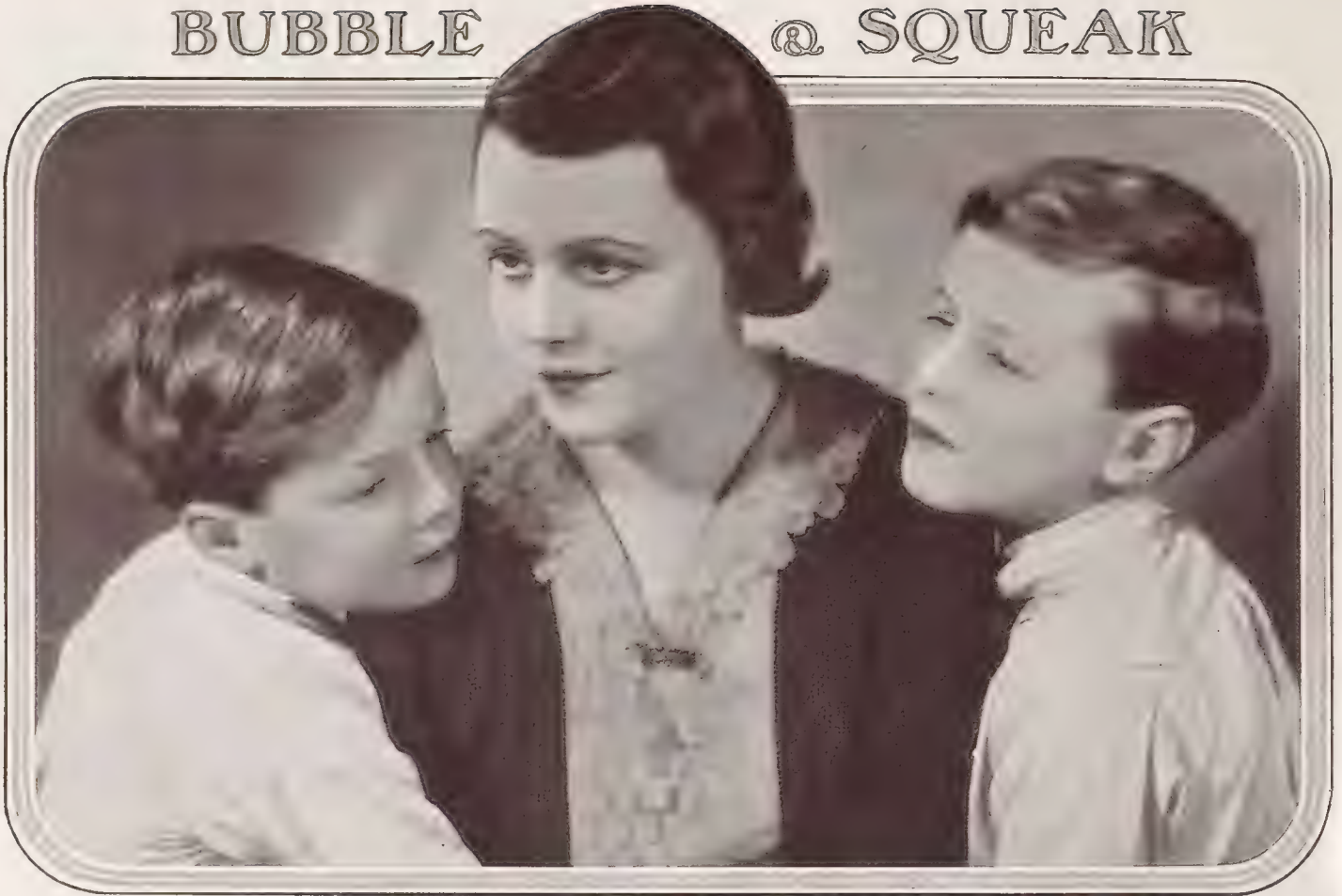
for comfortable walking.



This diagram shows the ground plan of the ordinary shoe which forces the big toe out of position to squeeze, pinch and cramp the other toes. Note its unnatural distorting inner line.

This shows how the ground plan of the Cantilever Shoe allows ample toe room, giving thereby, easy, comfortable walking. Note its straight inner line.

BUBBLE @ SQUEAK



MISS EDNA BEST AND HER TWIN SONS, JAMES AND JOHN

J. Whitehead

A recent picture of the charming actress and her twin sons by her first marriage. Miss Edna Best is now Mrs. Herbert Marshall, and she and her husband are playing the leads in Mr. A. A. Milne's play, "Michael and Mary," which has had a good success at the St. James' Theatre, and last week celebrated its 100th performance

A LITTLE girl returned from Sunday-school one day, and the first thing she said to her mother was, "Mummy, please tell me who was Am?"

"Am, dear?" replied her parent, "but I've never even heard of him. Why do you want to know?"

"Because in the hymn to-day we sang 'If I tempted Am to sin.'"

* * *

The little girl ran up to the policeman. "Please, will you look up the naughty man who broke my hoop?" she begged.

The policeman smiled kindly. "I'll have a few words with him, missie," he said. "How did he do it?"

"With his bicycle."

"Where is he now, then?"

"Please, he's in that shop; they've just carried him there."

* * *

A young man asked an old actor to have a drink. As soon as it was served it was gone. "I say," said the host, "that was quick work. Have another?"

"I will, laddie," said the old actor. The drink came, and went in the same rapid fashion. The young man was fascinated and kept ordering drinks and watching them vanish like lightning.

"You'll pardon me, I know," he said at length, "but would you mind telling me why you consume each drink so rapidly?"

"Laddie," said the old man with feeling, "I had one knocked over in '96."

* * *

A Scot, his face aflame with rage, appeared before the manager of a London theatre after the second Act of the play.

"You're a lot of swindlers in London," he shouted.

"What's the trouble my good man?" said the manager.

"Look at this," cried the Scot, producing his programme. "'Third Act, One Week later.' And here's me going home to Carnoustie the morn's morn."

* * *

A banker in the States was in the habit of wearing his hat during business hours on account of an extremely bald head. Every week an old negro presented a cheque for his wages, and one day, as he put his money in his dilapidated wallet, the banker said to him: "Look here, Sambo, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank, and keep an account with us?"

With a quizzical look at the hat the banker wore the negro answered, confidentially: "Boss, I'se jes' afeard! You look like you was always ready to run somewheres."

* * *

A keen angler took his friend for a day's sport. The friend knew nothing of fishing, but decided to try his luck. After a long silence by the banks of a stream the novice said: "I say, how much do those little red things cost?"

"You mean the floats? Oh, they don't cost much. Why?"

"I owe you for one. Mine's just sunk."

* * *

Two men were to take part in a boxing match, and surreptitiously each backed himself heavily to lose the fight. During the progress of the bout one accidentally hit his opponent a light tap on the face, whereupon the recipient of the blow lay down and the referee proceeded to count him out. The other was in a quandary, but just with the call of "nine" a magnificent idea came to him. He rushed to the prostrate man and kicked him, and was instantly disqualified.

* * *

A Jew called at a country post office early one morning and asked if a telegram had arrived for him. When answered in the negative he seemed much disturbed. An hour afterwards he called again with the same question. Again he was disappointed, and seemed more upset than ever. At length, after many fruitless visits, the postmaster handed him a wire that had just arrived. Hurriedly and tremblingly the man opened it, and exclaimed, "Great heavens! My house is on fire!"



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with the
"SILENT THIRD" GEAR



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Showing the spacious rear seat with the centre folding armrest lowered.

"Snipe" from £495

"Snipe" Touring Car	£495
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SUCH CARS AS EVEN HUMBER NEVER BUILT BEFORE

EVERYBODY SATISFIED

A Tale of a Mineral Option

By JOHN GURNEY



"Oom Piet van de Merwe . . . was the very first farmer in the Ventersburg district to sell an option on his farm to the newcomer."

"THE trouble with you, my lad," said Aileen, "is that you're far too good-natured and unsophisticated ever to be a business success." She regarded her cigarette with a certain thoughtfulness. "Really, I suppose I'm a fool to be engaged to you. I can't see how we'll ever have more than about tuppence-ha'penny."

Dennis, stretched out on the grass by her side, protested: "Well, I don't know. I haven't done so badly so far. And if this new job comes off we can get married at once."

"That," said Aileen, "reminds me. What precisely is this new venture of yours? Beyond the fact that you'll be out of Johannesburg for a month or two I haven't heard very much about it yet. Come on!" she continued, as Dennis wriggled into the grass, "you're going to promise some day to endow me with all your worldly goods. That, I suppose, includes your secrets. And don't tell me that you're going to Durban. I distrust business trips to Durban." She laughed, and Dennis joined her.

"I wish it was Durban," he said, "I could do with the sea just now. But I'm going into the country. It really is a bit of a secret, old girl. You see, I'm going after mineral options."

For a moment Aileen stared at him incredulously. Then she burst again into a peal of merriment. "D'you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you are going to beard the innocent farmer in his den and buy options? Oh, Dennis! You'll lose every bit of the little wool you've got. Those people live on options. Whenever the sheep don't bear enough wool they go out and shear an option-hunter." She caught her lover's chin and turned his face towards her. "It wouldn't matter so much if you looked businesslike. But your face is a walking advertisement of your character. Oh, yes it is. You're so darned good-natured and trustful-looking that you practically invite everybody you meet to regard you as a heaven-sent opportunity to make something." She sighed, mock sentimentally. "That, I suppose, is one of the reasons why I'm fond of you. Babyface!"

It was an estimate of character in which, a week or two later, the majority of the farmers round the little village of Ventersburg, Transvaal, would heartily have agreed. They certainly looked on Dennis as a Heaven-sent opportunity, and their only regret was that the opportunity appeared to be limited. Ventersburg was suffering under a distinct sense of grievance at the time. It lay on the borders of several mineral fields of different kinds, and it had participated, to the huge content of its inhabitants, in several very profitable booms. As each of the neighbouring fields developed there descended upon Ventersburg a horde of hungry option-seekers. Land prices, of course, jumped at once. It was true that very little land changed

hands, but a shrewd man was always able to dispose of an option or two on his farm at quite a good figure. There was no risk in the matter. The price per morgen (about two-and-a-fifth acres) was always fixed, not at the agricultural value, but on the prospective value of a rich mineral field. When, in due course, the diamond boom, the gold boom, the boom in base metals (whatever that meant) had subsided, there was no harm done. The option money, if it had not been spent, was safely in the bank and the farm was as good as ever. Ventersburg's pious farmers looked on these periodical excitements as direct interpositions of Providence on their behalf.

But Providence, of late years, had been most unaccountably neglectful of their interests. It was incredible, but lamentably true, that the platinum boom passed Ventersburg by completely. It brought fortunes to farmers in the Pietersburg and Lydenburg districts. But these were too far away for Ventersburg to reap any benefit. The town did wake up when a mineralogist (Ventersburg knew the breed well) took up his quarters at the little hotel and spent a week or two fossicking among the hills. Old Piet van de Merwe, who believed firmly that Providence helps those who help themselves, even went to the expense of importing specimens of platinum ore from a relative in the Lydenburg district. Looking, with his long white beard and innocent eyes, rather like a Biblical patriarch, he carried these to the expert with a circumstantial story of finding them in the hills near his house and wondering whether they contained tin. But Murgatroyd was most abominably unbelieving. He glanced once at the specimens. "Mph!" he grunted. "That isn't local rock. Lydenburg for a fortune." He glued a cold eye on Oom Piet. "You'd better be careful. You'll get ten years' hard if you try that sort of trick." A week later he departed without so much as buying a single option. It was simply incredible.

And then, as if in answer to prayer, came Dennis Mulhaley, young, enthusiastic, and incredibly unsophisticated. Solomon, the hotel-keeper, was positively sorry for him, though his pity did not prevent him from spreading the good news among his friends and patrons. "Man," he said to van de Merwe, "it's a shame to take the money. He wants to make enough to get married. He's got a photo of his girl on the chest of drawers. Nice-looking piece, though she's too thin for my taste. I'm sorry for her."

Oom Piet, however, was not interested in girls. "What's he want," he asked; "prospecting rights?"

Solomon chuckled. "No! He flies higher. He's got an idea there may be diamonds in the district, and he wants to get a few options on farms. Says he thinks he can sell them in Johannesburg." He laughed again outright.

(Continued on p. xvi)

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

By the Sea.

HAVING occasion, but a short while since, to try out a swift and vigorous motor-car of the he-man variety, I elected for a day or two in the county of Sussex. I chose this terrain not so much for its inexhaustible mine of beauty, which is an abiding joy to me, but because it has some of the worst and most surprising roads that are to be found in this kingdom. Sheer cussedness prompts me to try out sports cars in these conditions rather than let them loose on the great main turnpikes. For I hold that if the sports car cannot do the out-of-the-way stuff, with unexpected little pimples of one in four or so, bobbing up now and then, it simply does not deserve the name. Even the main highways of Sussex, barring the Brighton road, have few wide stretches and still fewer straights of any length. Hence, if you are going to hustle along them you have got to have a controllable car; particularly, too, since (for some reason I am unable to fathom) this county abounds in bad drivers. I doubt very much whether they be "locals," but I will guarantee that if you want to see blazing examples of sheer damfoolery on twists and turns, Sussex in quite a few minutes will provide you with a tummy-full, pressed down and running over. Accordingly I made my headquarters at one of the few hotels upon the south coast that I ever dare to recommend by name. Briefly, it is the Cavendish at Eastbourne. It is good—more than good—because it is run by a man with knowledge and imagination. You are doubtless aware that for some years motorists, and with the best of justification, have been complaining about British hotels. Even I have had to raise a modest arm in this campaign. So I took the opportunity of hunting out Mr. Possidoni, and getting him to give me his views about the industry to which he belongs, and which it is so commonly our custom to vilify. He gave me so much information that really I feel qualified to write quite a series of articles upon the art—for it is an art—of hotel-keeping. He says that the Englishman could, if he chose, flatten out all his rivals, and incidentally make quite needless the sort of propaganda that bleats about "not going abroad till you have seen Britain." But, he says, that the Englishman does not as yet take hotel-keeping seriously. He is disinclined to start at the bottom of the tree. He won't take the trouble to learn his business in every branch, and he almost refuses to go



Mitchell Laing

CAPTAIN IAN NEISH AND LADY DALHOUSIE

At the County Boy Scouts' Sports at Guthrie Park, Brechin. Lady Dalhousie presented the prizes. Captain Ian Neish is the County Commissioner of the Scout movement in Angus



AT VILLEFRANCHE: MRS. "TITO" WESSELL AND LADY HADFIELD

At the villa of her brother-in-law, Mr. Billy Wessell, on Villefranche Harbour, where he has, amongst other things, a hard tennis court and a swimming pool. Mrs. Wessell was formerly Lady Churston



Sir William Waterlow.

COUN. Percy Hill

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (SIR WILLIAM WATERLOW) AND THE MAYOR OF HOLBORN (COUNCILLOR PERCY HILL)

At the birthday dinner to the Lord Mayor at the Cenraught Rooms on St. George's Day, a happy date for any Lord Mayor of London to have his birthday

to foreign lands and ascertain how hotels are conducted there. This is, of course, absurd, for the business offers some very fine opportunities that are well worth chasing up. All the big men in hotel-running have, I believe, done their trick at running the lift, waiting, peeling potatoes, unloading bottles, and so forth, thus eventually qualifying themselves to hold big positions successfully. I know for a fact that this regimen had to be gone through by all the directors of one great firm of caterers and *hôtels* that has very properly taken millions of pounds out of British publics—and, incidentally, given them jolly good value for them. And herein I am sure that Mr. Possidoni is at the truth of the whole matter. Too many of our hotels, aye, even of our humble pubs, are run by *dilettante* amateurs who have taken on the job as if it were the last refuge of the incompetent. Incompetent, forsooth! He assures me that to conduct an hotel efficiently you have not only got to be technically efficient in every obvious detail of service, but you have also got to be an architect, an engineer, an accountant, a diplomat, a linguist, and a good many other things besides, including being always delightedly at the command of such as myself, who would not merely waste your time. So, you young and aspiring race of future Bonifaces, take the tip and start dish-washing at a tender age. Now I know why I have so often been driven to the picnic basket. The people who have sought my patronage have never known the beginning of their jobs. *Voilà tout!*

Great Stuff.

Free-traders who want an open market for motor-cars must be daily finding it more and more difficult to answer certain fundamental arguments. For it is under the "disastrous and wicked" system of protective duties that Sir William Morris turns out a British 6-cylinder saloon, all on, at £175, whilst just to show that this is no exceptional case, the Hillman Company immediately upon Mr. Snowden's Budget came out with a price reduction, both in the 14-h.p. model and Straight-Eight, whereby the latter is made the lowest-priced thing of its kind upon the market. Those who are acquainted with its qualities will recognize that at £415 for the saloon it is really marvellous value for money,

(Continued on p. xxx.)

“Quite Irresistible”

“Temptation’s too great. I must buy the complete canteen right now and take it away with me. Never seen anything quite so attractive as Community Plate.”
“I agree darling, though with so many beautiful designs to choose from it’s hard to make up one’s mind. Whether to keep the service perfectly plain and dignified and order Patrician—or be frankly conservative and pick Hepplewhite—by the way you know it’s guaranteed for 50 years.” “I know it’ll see me out all right. You can really look upon it as a sort of heirloom. I mean it’s really an investment, isn’t it?”

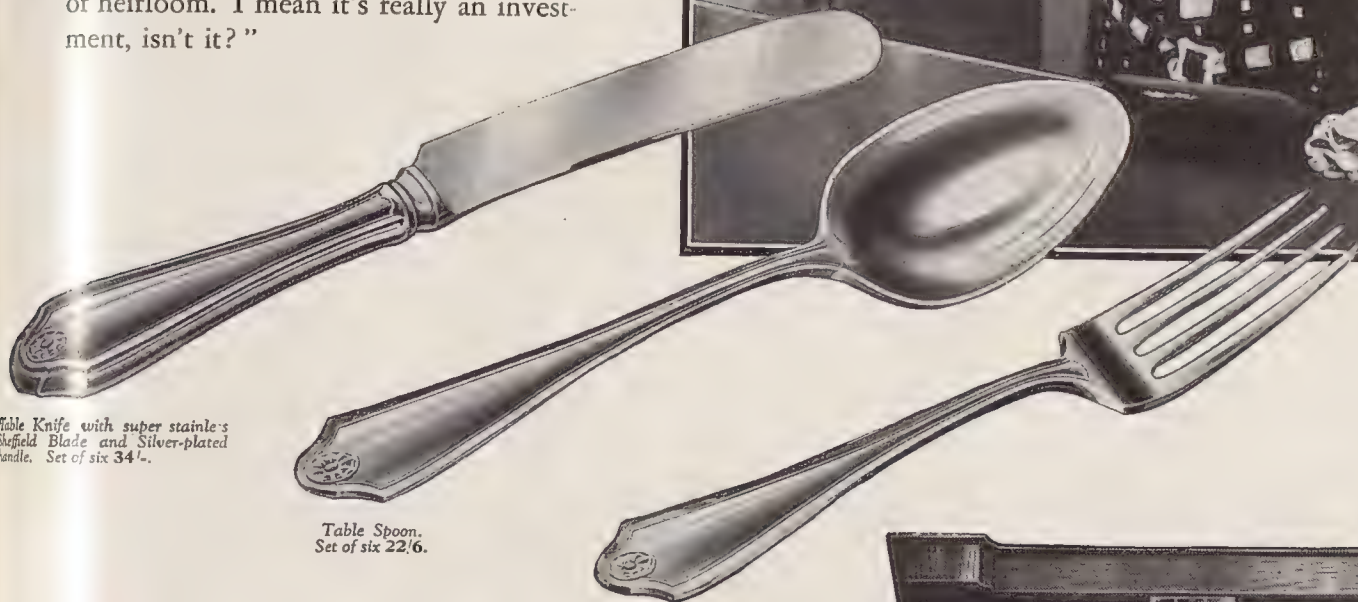


Table Knife with super stainless Sheffield Blade and Silver-plated handle. Set of six 34'.

Table Spoon.
Set of six 22'6.

Dessert Fork.
Set of six 19'.

AT YOUR SILVERSMITH'S
In five attractive designs—
Hepplewhite—Patrician—
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M—67 pieces—Distinctively designed Solid Oak Canteen. Size 18" x 12" x 4". Contents: 6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Coffee Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Soup Spoons, 1 Pair Small Meat Carvers, 1 Rotary Knife Sharpener, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Pickle Fork, 1 Sugar Tongs.

In Oak, with Ivory Handled Cutlery
£12 : 12 : 0
With Silver Plated Handled Cutlery
Two guineas extra.

Gift Sets from 3/6.



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BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD. SHEFFIELD—LONDON

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



OUR FLYING PRINCE

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Marseilles before embarking on his 650-mile flight to Windsor, which was accomplished in record time. The Heir Apparent, who is so frequently in the air apparent, made good use of planes during his African holiday

should be submitted for the judgment of the B.B.C. which is the modern dictator in matters of language, good and bad.

Meanwhile I must speak of the Heston tour as well as I can without the assistance of any noun of assembly. The tour was a great success from the beginning. Everyone seemed to have enjoyed it and others are certain to be planned in the future. Mrs. Baring was one of the first back. She had done nearly all the flying in Captain Baker's machine. Lord Clydesdale, Mrs. Spencer-Cleaver, Mr. Muntz, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, junr. (with curiously-shaped aeronautical suitcases), and Mr. Nigel Norman arrived soon afterwards, and within an hour the whole party was home and had collected at the small tables outside the restaurant. To conclude the evening pleasantly, Flight-Lieut. Stainforth did some aerobatics, including bunts and an inverted falling leaf, in the Junkers Junior. A note must be added upon the costumes

A Missing Word.

WHILE at the Heston Air Park watching the return from the Continent of the party of flying tourists I realized that, if adequate descriptions are to be written of such events, a remedy must be found for one serious omission in the aeronautical vocabulary. A search of the Oxford Dictionary reveals that, for the most gregarious of creatures, the air pilot, there is no noun of assembly. A competition was held recently by one of the weekly reviews in which the participants were required to invent nouns of assembly for a number of trades and professions. Among the answers there were: a "squirt" or a "condensation" of chauffeurs, a "draggle" of charwomen, a "screw" of income-tax collectors, a "flourish" or "strut" of actors, and a "powdering" of typists. But no noun of assembly for aviators was suggested. A "formation" of aviators (with due apologies to the London Club) is too obvious. A "spin" is better, but I chiefly favour a "crash" of aviators. The word

of some of the women flyers in the party. They were marked out, and rightly, for special attention by the "goggle" (that surely is the right one) of press photographers that was present at the departure. Aviation has lent wings to the imaginations of those who design clothes and some women have succeeded in evolving flying costumes which, besides being appropriate, look attractive. Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, whether in her Moth or in the *Graf Zeppelin*, in which she flew to Cardington, achieved triumphs of sartorial appropriateness.

Leicestershire and Hanworth.

Just before the Heston tour ended there were the Leicestershire and Hanworth meetings. At Leicester the weather interfered, and there was a postponement till the following Monday, when the club amply made up for the weather deficiencies on the Saturday. The Hanworth Pageant, held by National Flying Services, was a disappointment. There were no races, and there seemed to be scarcely any private owners at the aerodrome. Fortunately Flight-Lieut. Schofield came to the rescue with his aerobatics in a Hermes-Desoutter. Mr. Desoutter himself was at Hanworth, having been flown over by Mr. Alliott. Mr. H. R. A. Edwards won both the competitions, and handled his Avro Baby with the greatest skill. But two subsequent items in the programme did not take place, and no other turns were substituted. This is not the way to please large numbers of paying spectators. After the pageant was over the Junkers carried out some particularly fine aerobatics. This machine is attractive in everything except its price, which is £840. But this covers full equipment, including a compass, which costs most light aeroplane buyers an extra 15 guineas.



THE AIR POSTMISTRESS

Prices of British machines show a tendency to fall. The standard Moth has come down to £595, and the metal Moth is £675 with the 100-h.p. Gipsy and £750 with the 120-h.p. Gipsy. It is a hopeful sign for the future of private flying that the Moth, with all that lies behind it in experience and service, should now be obtainable for under £600. A drop in price of no less than £80 is represented by the new price of the standard Moth. The price of the new Moth Three, to own which is the ambition of all right-minded pilots, is not high when the specification of the machine is borne in mind. It is a machine in which air travel can be carried out as comfortably as possible, the view is good, the performance high, and the running costs low. The cruising speed is 105 m.p.h., and the inverted engine gives a silence in the cabin that is impossible with the exhaust pipes running, as is more usual, past the ears of the occupants of the machine. The price is £1,000.

Parachutes.

Mr. Charles Dixon has produced a useful little book on parachutes which is published by Pitman's uniform with their other handbooks on flying. It gives

(Continued on p. xxvi)

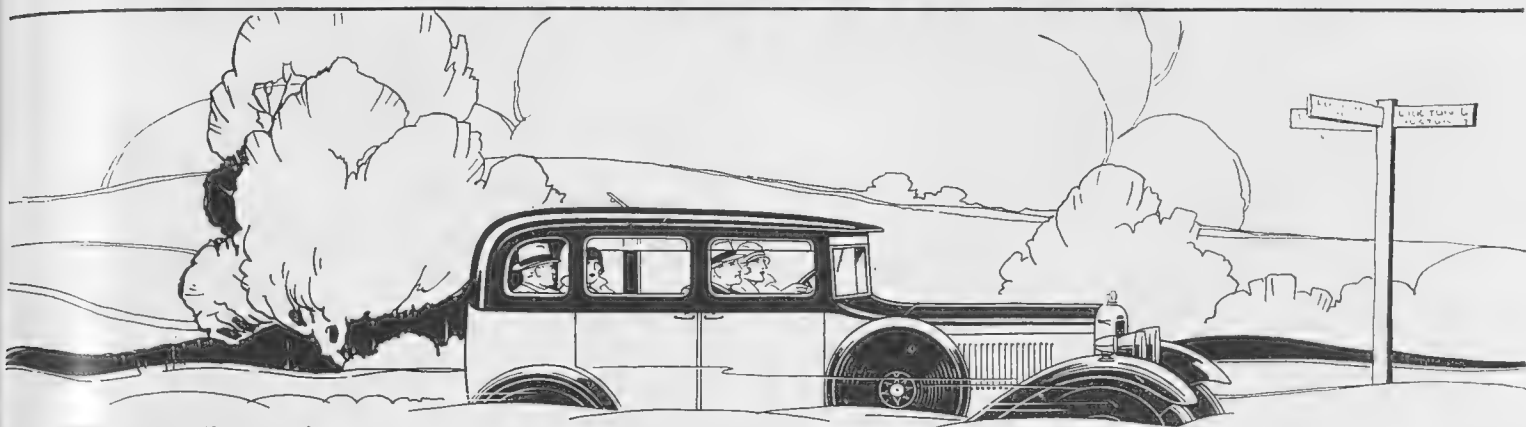


F. King & Co.

AT THE HANWORTH PAGEANT

Mr. H. R. A. Edwards with Mr. N. Thompson, who was his passenger during the air pageant. Flying his Avro Baby Geaum, Mr. Edwards was successful in both the competitions

The only sure way to test a car — drive it yourself



Take the wheel of a new SINGER "SIX" and feel the thrilling response . . . you will find that it is a real "top gear" car which will maintain a high cruising speed without the slightest effort . . . easy gear changing if required . . . a low-slung body perfectly balanced and insulated from road shocks . . . these are some of the outstanding features of an outstanding car . . . Test it in traffic, and find out how handy she is . . . quick acceleration due to that wonderful six-cylinder engine . . . and then let her out on the open road. What a joy!!

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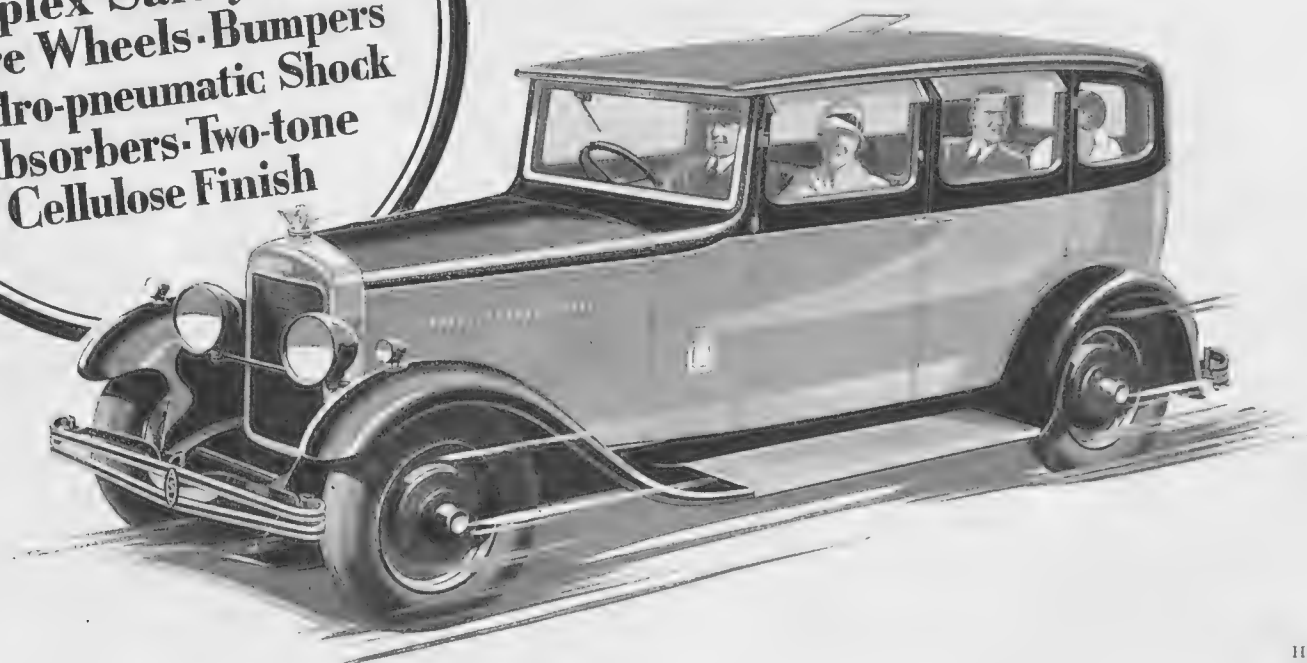
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FOUR SEATER £250. COUPÉ £270. SALOON £275.
De Luxe COUPÉ £285. De Luxe SALOON £290.



EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



MISS PEARSON

At last it is over. With no more ifs and ans about it, Surrey have come up with a last-minute sprint and headed the northern sub-division of the south-east in county golf. Really one has grown weary of holding one's head and the heads of readers thirsting for enlightenment, and working it out that if Kent beat Surrey and Surrey beat Middlesex and Middlesex beat Kent, and so forth and so on. Briefly told, the history of the last few days has been this: First of all Kent beat Middlesex by the odd match at Northwood, Miss Fishwick, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Cautley, and Miss Butler winning desperate matches. At that moment Kent stock rose. Then Surrey beat Kent at Rochester and Cobham Park, a 20th-hole win for the odd match precisely reversing what had happened when the two met at New Zealand earlier in the season; on the same day Middlesex gave a sound defeat 5 to 2 to Sussex at Hadley Wood, who had been the little heroines of the previous week for beating Kent. (Anybody who beats the strongest county of the year is always popular.) Then Surrey beat Middlesex 5 to 2 at Camberley, their only losses at the 20th and 19th holes, which was some consolation for



MISS WILSON



MISS J. McCULLOCH



MRS. WATSON

Mason, the day before Surrey defeated them at Rochester. These foursomes were played at Woking this year, since Surrey were the holders, and a beautiful course it certainly was, with the par of 78 pretty stiff in parts, though

MISS CHAMBERS

offering hope here and there on the outward journey of snatching a 4 at some of the holes where a 5 is allowed. Yet it is a strenuous affair, 36 holes against par, played from scratch, with only two couples from each county, and their aggregate determining the result. No chance here of tearing up, though your morning card reads double figures down, like some of the couples (who shall be nameless) read this year. Kent thoroughly deserved to win. Their best players had turned out, regardless of distances to be travelled, and if 5 down at lunch time for both couples did not sound very remarkable, it was at least better than anybody else by a matter of 4 holes, Middlesex being second and Surrey a very bad last. (Sussex had scratched the day before.)



MISS GOURLAY
AND
HER TEAM

The eleven players who did battle at Sunningdale on May 1 against the American team led by Miss Glenna Collett. The matches will be described next week



MISS CORLETT



MISS LOBBETT

In the afternoon Miss Dorothy Pearson and Mrs. Cautley played really brilliantly, with just a few lapses, were out in 38 and only one down on the 18 holes. Miss Fishwick and Miss Oswald started disappointingly, but rallied well at the



MISS D. PARK

beating them in their very last match, when nothing could affect who should figure as head of the sub-division.

Kent had been looked on as very probable county finalists; they will have to get what comfort they may from winning the Mason Foursomes, instituted by their own former captain, Mrs. J. R.

the dreadful 6 to 1 drubbing Middlesex had given them at Hendon before Easter. And so that is that, and now Surrey and Essex play off for the South-Eastern place in the county finals, Essex only having their season's record tarnished by one defeat, Herts

end, Miss Oswald wiping out some earlier strays on the green by some most noble putts at the end of the proceedings, so that they were only 5 down again. With a total of 16 down, Kent won by 10 holes from Middlesex (though that county's second pair, Mrs. Dudley Charles and Miss Ramsden, had every reason to be pleased with their afternoon 2 down), and 15 holes from Surrey.



MISS FISHWICK



MRS. LATHAM-HALL

The Veterans' championship at Ranelagh, not to mention the subsequent dinner, was just as delightful and enthusiastic as ever. The course is a little shorter for the Vets. than it is for

(Continued on p. xlv)

Haig

has just that extra touch of
quality with age which makes
all the difference



no finer whisky goes into any bottle

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YET THE VAUXHALL, SPECIALLY BUILT FOR TO-DAY'S
CROWDED HIGHWAYS, ENABLES YOU TO MAINTAIN
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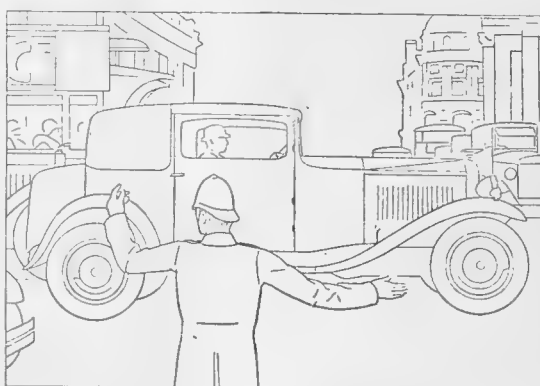
OVER a million cars on Britain's roads! Jostling in the week-end rush out of town... vying with each other on the broad arterial roads... sliding through the narrow by-ways of little country towns...

More difficult than ever to-day for motorists — the problem of how to get from one place to another quickly and safely and in perfect comfort, without losing valuable time in traffic hold-ups and irritating delays *en route*.

Only a car expressly built to meet to-day's driving conditions can do it! And that is exactly what Vauxhall engineers have produced in the 1930 Vauxhall.

Wherever you choose to drive it, over all kinds of roads, through the thickest traffic, up steep hills, along winding lanes or broad, straight thoroughfares, the Vauxhall enables you to maintain a higher average speed with *greater safety and greater comfort* than most other cars you could name anywhere near its cost.

Because it can open up to 70 on the open road and yet crawl with perfect smoothness at 5 miles an hour in top gear when in traffic — because of its swift acceleration which puts you yards ahead of most other cars as you move out of the block — because it holds the road so firmly that you can take corners at speeds normally considered unsafe — because of its



Cross traffic bars the road. A moment later comes the signal to proceed. Then — a touch of the Vauxhall's accelerator and you shoot away from other cars. For the Vauxhall can reach 20 miles an hour from a standstill in less than six seconds.

marvellous protection the famous Vauxhall brakes afford — because, with its four speeds and suitable gear ratios, it soars up hills like a bird... the Vauxhall saves you minutes on every short journey — hours on a long run... and brings you to your destination as fresh as when you set out.

You can travel *consistently* faster

in a Vauxhall and yet take no risks in doing so.

And throughout the journey you ride in utter comfort. If you drive yourself your task makes no demands on you. Steering, controls, brake operation,

gear-change—all are simplicity itself. Twenty-eight points of the chassis are lubricated by a touch of the foot on a pedal. Even the longest journey is not tiring in a Vauxhall.

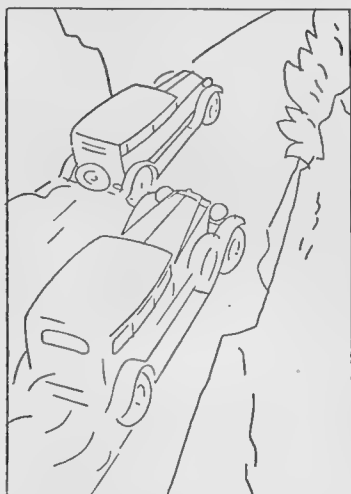
That is why the Vauxhall is chosen by people who require the utmost of pleasure and of service from their car. People whose affairs won't suffer delay on the road know that the Vauxhall's amazingly high average speed gets them more quickly to their destinations.

People who drive for the pure joy of it revel in the Vauxhall's thrilling yet altogether secure speed. People who want comfort and a good-looking car especially, choose the Vauxhall. For its

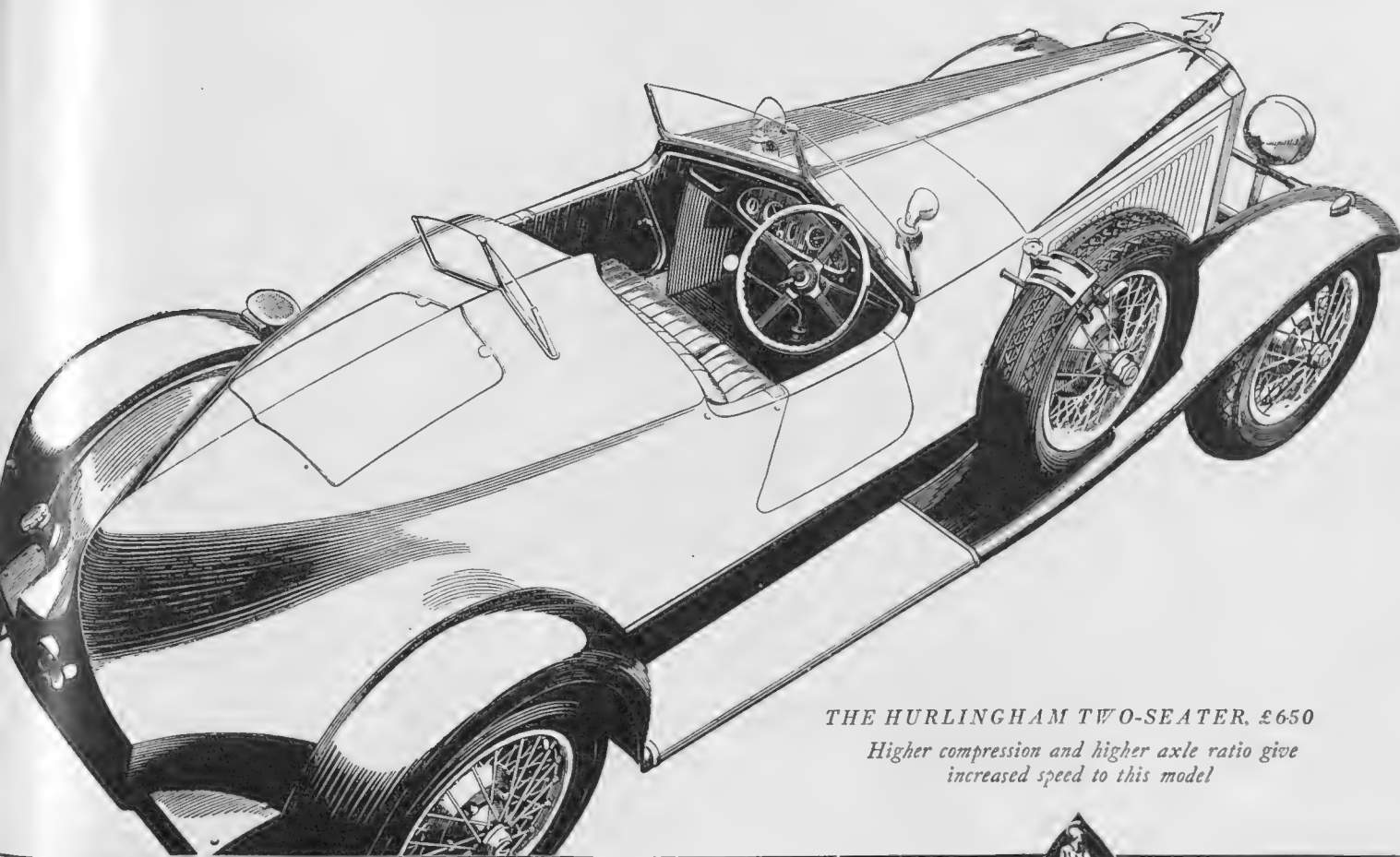
graceful lines and luxurious interior expert judges place the Vauxhall among the most beautiful cars

on the market. And it is built throughout by British workmen from 97 per cent. British materials at Luton, Bedfordshire.

There are six new Vauxhall models, whose prices range from £495 to £695. All are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. Try one of them yourself! The Vauxhall dealer nearest you will gladly let you have a car to drive. Or write for full particulars to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, N.W.9. Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Gt. Portland Street, W.1.



Whatever the hill there is a Vauxhall gear to see you up it. Most hills, of course, you can take on top. But, when you want it, there is a powerful third gear there to carry you to the crest at 45 m.p.h. if need be, smoothly, silently, and in perfect comfort—without wasting a second of your time on the way.



THE HURLINGHAM TWO-SEATER, £650
Higher compression and higher axle ratio give increased speed to this model

V A U X H A L L





The Highway

Beauty's Enemies Vanquished.

No woman has a right to grow old without realizing the beauty of face and form that is her birthright. From the days of the Greeks and Romans there have ever been many factors that have been regarded as robbers of beauty. Every season they multiply, and women are unable to cope with their troubles unaided. The events that would have been all-sufficient for the entire lives of our ancestors are crowded into a few short years. They knew not the troubles and difficulties and the rush and turmoil engendered by the advent of steamers, aeroplanes, telegrams, and telephones, and of course they never heard the word income tax. Women of high degree took great care of their persons; they bathed and anointed their bodies with unguents of their own making, and to their hair they gave the greatest consideration. It was the Greeks that proved that physical excellence was possible in every human being, and that it could only be achieved by exercise. Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, W., when talking about the exercises she has evolved, always dwells on the fact that it was Rudolph Eucken who declared that "it is only when activity attains complete substantial efficiency that it lifts human existence up to happiness"; in her opinion the strongest foe that the robbers of beauty have to encounter is happiness. She has devoted many years to the study of this interesting subject.



of Beauty

Sometimes Time has Dove's Wings.

Although the sickle of time may be silent to the passer-by, Elizabeth Arden hears the merest hint of a flutter of the dove-like wings, no matter how gentle the motion may be. She knows just what is required in order that the touches may pass away. There are the exercises that she has evolved—some for correcting undue stoutness, others for soothing the nerves of those who are what is technically called under weight. In addition, these exercises give the much-to-be-desired suppleness to the muscles and impart that wondrous *joie de vivre* which is the greatest asset that a woman can possess; it ensures a successful career, no matter whether it be social or professional. Then there are the pack treatments or baths; not only do they charm away superfluous tissue but they have a beneficial effect on the nerves, and as a consequence stimulate the mentality; rheumatism and its kindred ills pass away after a course of the same. And now about the treatments for the face, neck, and arms, in which the Arden Venetian preparations do such splendid work. There are three things to be done for loveliness, and that is cleansing, nourishing, and toning, and these must be continued at home regularly every night and morning, and in accordance with the Elizabeth Arden scientific method, which is quite simple. "The Quest of the Beautiful" is a particularly interesting brochure.—M. E. B.



WOLSEY

PURE SILK

STOCKINGS

FULL FASHIONED

5/11 UPWARDS

BUY
BRITISH



IS STYLE a matter of expensive clothes? Never believe it! Look around you. Style is a matter of finish—giving a turn to a hat, knotting a scarf. Some women know how to do these things. Other women don't. Some women actually think they can be smart without silk stockings. Yes, they do, even though they could get Wolsey stockings, pure silk, for 5/11.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Included in Fenwick's summer collection is this ensemble and frock; the former is of floquella—a Rodier fabric—with crêpe de chine vest, and the latter of chiffon tweed. (See p. vi)

The Empire Movement.

THE length of the skirts for evening wear has been settled, that is to say that they just clear the ground; the hems suggest lightness, which is due to the fact that the fabricating mediums are chiffons, nets, and laces, and then there are the slashings and scallops which emphasize this effect. In some corsages the Empire influence is plainly discernible; a new note in this direction is the two waist-lines; a narrow belt appears in the natural position and another just below the bust—this is really rather attractive—or it may be that there are three belts. Some of the more extreme models suggest the Grecian period; there are wing draperies and small sections arranged on bolero lines.

The Third Tier.

Quite amusing and very becoming are the short capes and boleros which form the third tier of the dress, the other two taking the form of flounces on the skirt. The tie-on cape is quite the last word; it seems almost unnecessary to add that it is of the same material as the dress. The tailored jacket, which bears a striking resemblance to a man's lounge coat, is regarded with favour for evening wear; it is,

however, encountering a rival in the coat, which is swathed over the hips and is held in position with ribbons. Both these coats are unlined and trimmed with fur. Satin coats are seen in conjunction with satin dresses, and then there are the tissue coats.

The Vogue for Gloves.

Evening gloves are becoming more and more elaborate; the various Parisian dressmakers are creating special models to accompany their chef d'œuvres. Patou advocates bright green affairs with pink dresses, and he likewise specializes in 24-button-length red and brown suède gloves. Maggy Rouff likes mauve gloves with dresses to match, and pink with black, and then very special indeed are the gold tissue gloves. Premet is showing flesh-coloured suède ones. Bernard's choice has alighted on the same, only he adds pearl buttons to his. Jenny's are laced and finished with crystal balls, while Martial and Armand add lace cuffs to their suède ones.

Lingerie Touches.

Lingerie touches are very important; they are so effective with short sleeves and the ever-mounting neckline; they go hand in hand with pins and bracelets. A troublesome ruffle will become a delightful accessory when it is caught here and there with a jewelled pin. An arm that is bare from the elbow to the wrist is the reverse of fascinating; how different does it look when two or three tightly-fitting bracelets are introduced. By the way, sometimes elastic about half-an-inch wide is covered with lace and embroidered, and is made up into bracelets, or it may be that organdi takes the place of the lace. All kinds of jewellery is being created for wearing with pyjamas and beach suits; it is not at all expensive; colour is all-important. There are shoe-buckles to match the bracelets.



These thoroughly practical and very charming Shilla-craft handbags are made of morocco and are available in a variety of colours. (See p. vi)

Flowers in Fashion.

An attractive complement to any dress is a spray or cluster of flowers, therefore it is splendid news that they are again in favour. Large bunches of violets are seen in two shades of pink or yellow, and pink and black ones are seen in happy unison. Again there are flowers of piqué and organdi, which gives a delightful finish to lingerie touches. Pink and black gardenias also have their rôle to play. For wearing with tailor-mades there are chintz and leather boutonnières.

The "Entente Cordiale."

His Excellency M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, on the occasion of the opening ceremony of the White House, 51-52, New Bond Street, W., declared that his presence there was a mark of his recognition of the fact that the White House of London and the Maison Giraud, Paris, are very good examples of the *entente cordiale* between our two countries expressed in terms of happy commercial relations. Throughout last week there were many workers busily engaged in making lace; some came from Malines, some from Turnhout, and others from Bruges; there were embroiderers from the Vosges and spinners from Flanders, and then there were the cripple girls, who made the most beautiful lace, and are in the regular employment of this firm. There will be an exhibition of lace throughout the season.

(Continued on p. vi)



The vogue for the tuck-in blouse becomes more pronounced every day. To Walpole Brothers must be given the credit of those pictured. British washing silk makes the one on the left, Macclesfield crêpe the one on the right, and satin the one in the centre. (See p. vi)

Wash your face

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every morning

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It cleanses

and nourishes

and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

Write to Sefton-Dodge Ltd 150 Regent Street, London W1 for our attractive free Booklet called "All for Beauty" which tells you about the wonderful Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Simple Frocks with Simple Lines.

To-day and to-morrow there will be a Parade of Fashion at the White House; the summer frocks will make their appeal on account of their simplicity, nevertheless the latest commands of Fashion will be mirrored in them. There will be jumpers and sports suits. Again, there is the children's department, called the White House Fairy Corner; every child will love the mural decorations as well as the well complete with pussy. Handkerchiefs have a salon all to themselves; the different textures and designs are unlimited, while prices vary from 5s. per dozen to £20 each. No one can fail to be interested in the brochure, "Milestones in the Progress of the White House"; it will be sent gratis and post free; it gives a brief resumé of the history of this house since it commenced its activities under the guidance of its present managing director on December 17, 1906.

A June Collection.

Fenwick's (63, New Bond Street, W.), with the enterprise that ever characterizes their actions, are now showing their June collection of suits and frocks at pleasantly moderate prices. For instance there is a tailored silk frock for sports wear for 4½ guineas; there is a becomingly-shaped hip-yoke and vest with adjustable collar, the scheme being completed with a scarf of printed crêpe de chine that is destined to be passed through slots in the collar. Illustrated on the left of p. iv is a two-piece man-tailored suit carried out in floquella, a new material that is sponsored by Rodier. As will be seen, the dress is finished with a white crêpe de chine vest, and the coat of the cardigan persuasion comes well down over the hips. The dress portrayed is expressed in chiffon tweed and is available for 5½ guineas; the buttons at the back strike a decidedly new note. Again, there are artificial silk romaine sleeveless frocks partnered with hip-length coatees for the same price. As a matter of fact everyone must make a point of visiting Fenwick's and see the additional salons; indeed there is no pleasanter rendezvous in London.

Tuck-in Blouse.

As the vogue for tuck-in blouses becomes each day more pronounced, Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, have contributed a trio to p. iv. British washing silk with a plaid design makes the one on the left; it is available for 49s. 6d. This is likewise the cost of the one with the detachable collar on the right; it is

carried out in Macclesfield crêpe, while the last but not the least attractive of the trio is of satin. Furthermore there are crêpe de chine shirts with elastic at waist for 39s. 6d.; they are admirably cut and tailored. For the tennis enthusiast there are washing crêpe de chine dresses with the modish hip yoke for 84s., while spun-silk frocks are 39s. 6d. All interested in the subject must write to this firm for their illustrated catalogue, which they will gladly send gratis and post free. By the way, this firm are rebuilding their New Bond Street premises,

but this is by no means a handicap to business, as during the transition period they are displaying their household linens as well as their fashions in special salons.

Something Different.

All in quest of something that is different must visit Madame Barri's pleasant salons at 33, New Bond Street, W. There is something very charming about the ensemble on this page—the upper portion of the dress is of almond-green crêpe de chine and the lower part of angora of the same shade; as will be seen it is scalloped at the hem. The coat is of the latter fabric with collar of grey krimmer; the little motifs in the vicinity of the waist are most ingenious; they suggest that the material has been "nipped" together with the fingers. It is good news that this notable artist in dress has taken thought for those with limited dress allowances. A delightful out-of-town frock is available for 4½ guineas; it is made of one of the new woven stockinettes—which has not even a bowing acquaintance with the material known by that name a few seasons ago; it is far superior; there is a lingerie finish at the neck. There are others of a similar fabric with capes for 6½ guineas, and with coats they are 7½ guineas. As there are no two alike a visit is essential; there are many variations on each theme. Neither must it be overlooked that there are washing-silk tennis frocks for 8 and 9 guineas; they are generously trimmed with tucks. From the brochure an admirable forecast of the coming modes may be obtained; it will be sent post free.

Shillacraft Handbags.

There is something about the Shillacraft handbags that places them on a plane apart; they are made of morocco in all the fashionable shapes and sizes. The Queen and Princess Mary purchased several of them during their visit to the British Industries Fair, two of which find pictorial expression on p. iv. The one at the back is an ideal shopping or travelling bag; it is most capacious and at the same time not in the least clumsy; the arrangement of the handle is worthy of careful study as it prevents the contents of the bag falling out. The smaller bag has innumerable compartments. There are various fittings, and every bag has a seal inside bearing the name of Shillacraft. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the makers, Shillacraft and Co., 8, Half Moon Passage, Aldersgate Street, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent.



Picture by Blake

A FASHIONABLE ENSEMBLE

That may be seen in the salons of Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, W. Almond-green angora and crêpe de chine are present in the dress; the coat is of the former fabric, with collar of grey krimmer

An Englishwoman's complexion is the finest in the world yet it needs POND'S



POND'S
COLD
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Opal Jars
5/-, 2/6 &
1/3. Tubes
2/6, 1/- &
6d.

POND'S
VANISHING
CREAM

Opal Jars
2/6 & 1/3.
Tubes 1/-
& 6d.

The mildness of the English climate is largely responsible for the naturally clear and beautiful skins of English women. Yet even in this climate there are enemies against which the complexion must be protected if it is to retain its beauty after the bloom of youth is passed.

Not all the dust particles which gather on the skin remain on the surface—from which, of course, it is easy to remove them with soap and water. A proportion, relatively small in number but large in the harm it can do, enters the pores. *Pond's Cold Cream* is necessary to remove these accumulations; its pure oils float the offending particles to the surface, from which they are easily wiped away, leaving the skin clear and soft.

As a double precaution against dust, and to protect from the sun and wind, you will find *Pond's Vanishing Cream* invaluable. This greaseless cream gives the skin an attractive bloom to which powder clings evenly and lastingly.

For 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, you may have samples of these two creams to try. Address your request to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 331), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1.



Pictures in the Fire—continued

that at all; as a race they have a keen sense of humour, and no one who is dour ever has; it is just that Australia is a place whose atmosphere invites a supreme imperturbability; a kind of *nil admirari*

outlook which, nevertheless, is not the same thing as saying that the average Australian endeavours to convey the impression that he is *blasé*. He is about the least *blasé* person in the world. It is just his way; the way of those "hicks" of the little Arkansaw town of whom Mark Twain draws such a wonderful picture in "Huckleberry Finn," and whose greatest pleasure was to sit on a "bar'l" whittling sticks, chewing plug, and spitting, and whose equanimity even the arrival of some maniac *à cheval* on his weekly or his monthly drunk, and loosing off with his gun as he galloped through the only street in the township, failed to disturb. This is the temperament which has given us such good soldiers, and the men who have been seen pulling their whips out and driving their horses at the first of those

absolutely unbreakable fences on the Flemington course in the V.R.C. Grand National—just to get a position and not get barged out of the battle in the crush of a big field. It isn't "swank" or "dorg," as I have a better recollection of its being described—just their little way. They know perfectly well what is the risk; it is just that danger does not impress them.



MAJOR E. M. CONOLLY AND
LADY POWERSCOURT

At a recent point-to-point in Ireland. Lord Powerscourt hunts a good deal with the Bray Harriers. Major Conolly is a son of that famous sportsman, the late Mr. Tom Conolly of Castletown, Co. Kildare

Poole, Dublin



LORD ELVEDEN AND LADY HONOR
GUINNESS

At the jumping meeting at Fairyhouse a bit ago. Lord Elveden is Lord Iveagh's eldest son, and Lady Honor Guinness the eldest of Lord and Lady Iveagh's three daughters. Lord Elveden is eighteen

Poole, Dublin

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11 in. x 7 in. ... £3 5 0
15 in. x 9 in. ... 4 0 0
19 in. x 9 in. ... 4 15 0
25111. Prince's Plate Octagonal Entrée Dish.
10½ in., £4 4 0 11½ in., £4 12 6

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9 in. diam., £3 15 0

26117. Prince's Plate Sauce Boat.
½ pint ... £2 2 0
¾ pint ... 2 10 0

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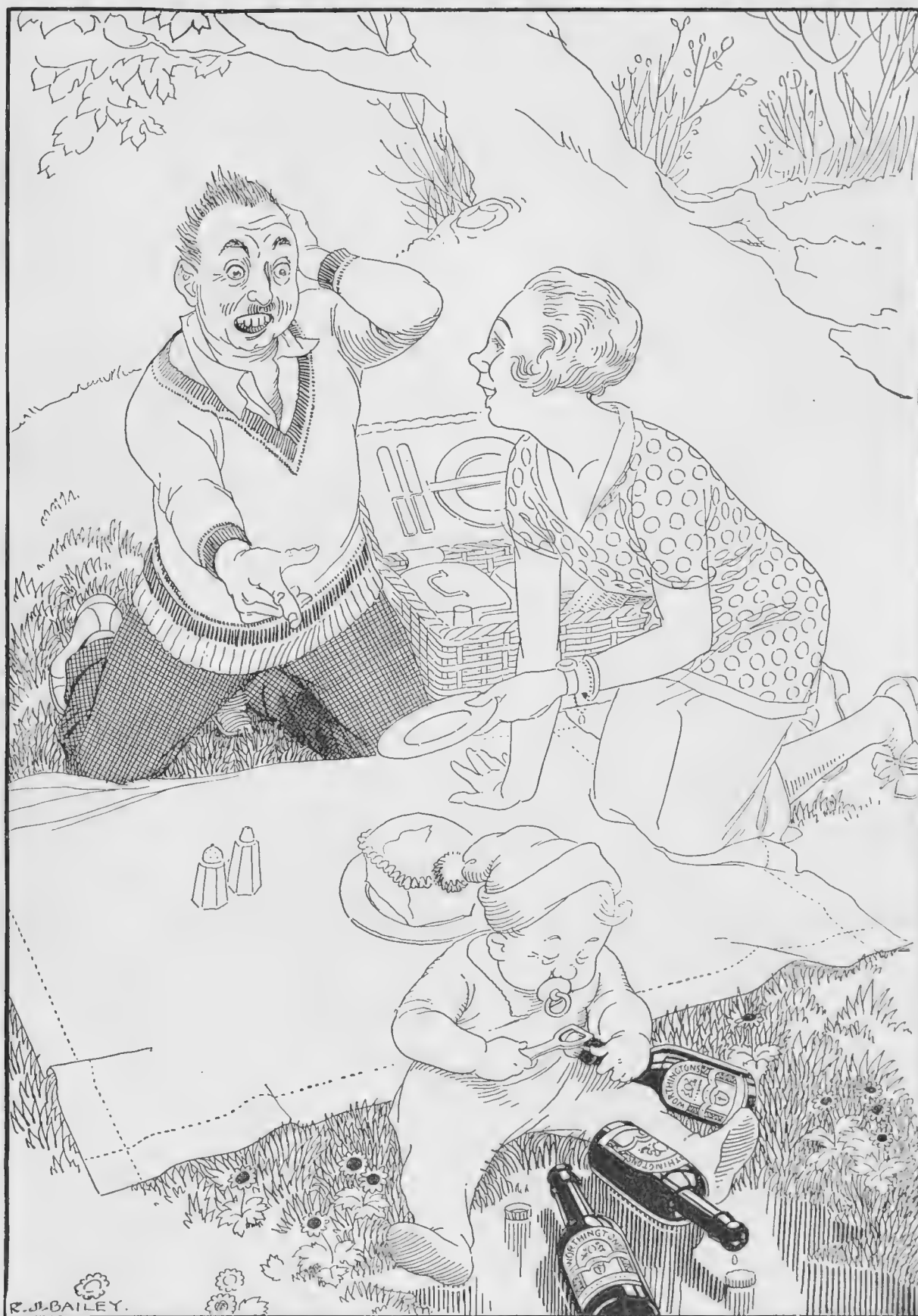
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Secret Service in Red Russia—continued

to enlist as a volunteer in the Red Army. An acquaintance of mine was appointed commander of a sappers' unit stationed about twenty miles from Petrograd. He took me into his regiment and immediately delegated me back to Petrograd to buy automobile tyres and execute other commissions. My position was now very much more secure. I was a member of the Communist Party with various exemptions on account of my health. I was on military service in the Red Army, consequently "fulfilling my duty to the Revolution," and at the same time I was free to live in Petrograd.

With my Communist card and my Red Army papers I was now able to live anywhere I wanted. I settled some distance from the house where my Communist friends lived so as not to have to suffer the familiarities of the sailors and not remind them of the likely candidate as Red propagandist.

I also drew Red Army rations, a tremendous advantage over the civil population. We get a pound of good black bread daily, a little sugar and salt, and a book of tickets for a communal eating-room. This last I gave away, as the communal food was awful, and I supplemented my rations with purchases from peasants.

With the exception of unsuccessful attempts to escape from Russia which I shall relate later, my life now became comparatively humdrum. All I had to do was to avoid as far as possible awkward personal contacts with members of the Communist Party. My Communist card and my Red Army papers were a firm protection in all other contingencies.

As a Communist I succeeded in getting myself delegated to the Petrograd Soviet, not, it is true, as a member but as an official guest. The Soviet was run on very extraordinary lines. The unwieldy number of members (over thirteen hundred) was supplemented by an equal number of official guests, while these were still further added to by no small number of unofficial guests, all of whom took part in the voting.

The object of the Bolsheviks in thus overloading their parliament was obvious. Under the guise of extreme democracy all discussion was rendered totally impossible, which was exactly what was wanted. It goes without saying that from Bolshevik orations very little new information was ever forthcoming, and this was not my quest as I sat among the elected. I knew *how* those "elect" had been elected. I knew it was only through the rankest trickery that a majority of members of the dominant party had been forced into the Soviet.

And as I puffed my evil-smelling army cigarettes, banged my desk in applause, or lustily joined in the unmelodious strains of the "Internationale," my heart's thought was of anything but this drab gathering of misleading and misled demagogues, my heart's thought was with the millions and millions of unrepresented masses outside, unable to voice their complaints or their hidden aspirations. Among my general instructions were points relating to German espionage in Russia, and orders to obtain if possible copies of certain summarized reports from all fronts which were regularly compiled for Trotsky's perusal.

Trotsky was then approaching the zenith of his career. Out of an amorphous and disorganized rabble he had created the Red Army and dreamt of making it a mighty instrument for conquering the whole world in the name of Revolution.

The summarized reports referred to were submitted to Trotsky at the War Commissariat in Moscow. When I absented myself from Petrograd "for reasons of health" or other tactical considerations it was to Moscow that I would usually repair. But I could not live there permanently, as quick communication abroad was impossible.

Moscow was the real centre of the national movement among the intelligentsia. The two tendencies of this movement that chiefly interested me were the pro-Ally and pro-German. The former was led by ex-statesmen and members of the Duma who were seriously seeking a



SIR JOHN LEES AND HIS DAUGHTER
KATHARINE

At a recent Point-to-Point in the West Country. Sir John Lees, Bart., D.S.O., M.C., retired as a Lieut.-Colonel in the 60th, was all through the war and wounded twice. His elder brother, Sir Thomas Lees, was killed in action in 1915

(Continued on p. xii)

The SKETCH
says:—

"Eternally
Youthful in
Contour and
Complexion
is the Woman
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T. 7/5/30

Secret Service in Red Russia—continued

solution of Russia's problem along liberal lines. Their ideal, broadly speaking, was the British constitutional monarchy. The other section, very much smaller, hoped that Germany, and not the Allies, would adopt a policy of armed intervention, and favoured the military demonstrations that von der Goltz was making in the Southern Baltic provinces.

The Germans left in Russia occupied an ambiguous position. Certainly less suspicion attached to them in the eyes of the Bolsheviks than to members of the Allies' colonies. So their facilities for espionage were greater. On May Day, when processions trooped through the capitals, the German delegation, in strong contrast to the other foreign representatives, were dressed in smart clothes with stylish collars and ties, and drove in luxurious automobiles, making no proletarian mummery, and were still hailed with cries of "Hoch!" from Bolshevik leaders.

I learned that the pro-German group were in touch with Russian officers of German extraction in Finland. It was most important for me to discover the nature of their communications.

Having obtained an exact description of one of these couriers from Moscow, I told the young Communist through whom I was now working in Petrograd to waylay him and have him searched. We found that his papers were in order as far as Bielo'ostrov, the Russian frontier station, where evidently he had some means of communicating with the Commandant on the Finnish side who once arrested me as a Bolshevik spy and tried to prevent my getting back into Russia. I was delighted at this opportunity of paying him back in his own coin.

The courier protested loudly at his arrest, and my young friends hurried to tell me they could not keep him more than twenty-four hours without a row being made. They brought all his papers, among which was a sealed packet. I was about to tear it open when one of my friends restrained me.

"The man's papers are in order," he said. "It may be more convenient to let him go on."

With a razor blade heated in hot water he slowly and carefully detached the seals by passing the blade between them and the paper. After an hour's work the seals came off intact. The rest was simple.

The contents of the packet were a number of private letters, all describing the miseries of Soviet Russia, a report on the general situation which told us nothing new, and a week's collection of copies of Trotsky's summarized reports. Very carefully we put the packet of papers together again minus the summarized reports. A little fresh sealing-wax served to close the packet, and the original seals were re-attached intact while the wax was warm. It was impossible to detect that the packet had been opened.

We thought at first of having the courier sent back to Moscow as a spy, which he obviously was. But in such a case this mode of communication would cease, as we should lose the possibility of repeating our experiment. So on second thoughts we decided to act otherwise. The man's papers and the packet were restored to him with apologies for a "mistake," he went on his way rejoicing, and doubtless succeeded in conveying his emasculated messages to Finland.

In Moscow I had been told that these German communications were regular. The Trotsky reports were for one week. The logical inference was that the next courier would come in one week's time. I sent my own courier to Moscow for information. He had no great difficulty in tracing the next suspicious individual. We repeated the "mistake," and I found myself the happy possessor of another batch of Trotsky's reports.

The third week the first man turned up again. He was very suspicious when he saw my friends. They decided it was unwise to repeat their "mistake," so they let him pass but had him robbed as he was leaving the frontier station at Bielo'ostrov. After this no more such couriers came. Meanwhile I had been trying to find out through whose hands the reports had passed in the War Commissariat at Moscow, and to substitute my own agents in place of the ones we had stopped. But I was not destined to succeed in this, for the question of my escaping from Russia arose and became very urgent. [TO BE CONTINUED]



Arthur Owen

SIR, GEORGE AND LADY LEON

A recent snapshot of the squire of Bletchley Park and his wife. Sir George Leon, who is a member of the Stock Exchange, succeeded his father as second baronet four years ago. Lady Leon, his second wife, was formerly Mrs. Gordon-Lennox.

'GREYS' EULOGY



[Written in a London clubroom]

STANZA II

Now fades the glimmering landscape

on the sight,

And all the room a solemn stillness sways,

Save where some member softly strikes a light

And blissfully ignites another 'Greys.'



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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

One of the most attractive incidents in our Show last year was the judging by the gun-dog judges of the Special offered by Mrs. Isaac Bell for "the most attractive Pekingese." Mrs. Bell has kindly offered this special again this year, and it is supplemented by one offered by Lady Kathleen Pilkington for the runner-up (literally), and Lady Burton has offered one for Pekingese in other classes than open, graduate, and limit, including puppies. These specials will be judged at two o'clock on Thursday, May 15. It is most amusing to watch; the little dogs seem to enter into the spirit of the thing, and bound along, ears and tails flying.

The Alsatian Obedience classes will also be well worth seeing by anyone interested in the training of dogs, as they will be specially good ones under the immediate patronage of the various Alsatian training societies. The Jumping Competition commences at 6 ft. 6 in.—the height these dogs can jump must be seen to be believed. The judging of these classes begins at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, May 15. Miss Workman's dogs are well known for their wonderful training and have won many competitions. She sends a photograph of Adalo of Ceara, who has won many prizes, including the challenge certificate at the Kensington Canine Society's Show, and has also won well in Obedience classes.



BEARDED COLLIE

The property of Mrs. Cameron Miller

A novelty, as far as the South is concerned, are the classes for bearded collies, given at the forthcoming show for the first time. The bearded collie was at one time common in Scotland, but has lately been almost allowed to die out. Mrs. Cameron Miller has luckily taken them up just in time. She has had considerable difficulty in getting pure-bred dogs, but has at last managed to get a good kennel together. Why



ADALO OF CEARA

The property of Miss Workman

whose owner is renowned for turning out champions in every breed she takes up. There are two kennel maids and a boy kept. Only a really experienced, reliable woman, not too young, need apply. The late kennel maid was with these kennels for five years, and only left on account of illness at home. Any applications may be sent to me and will be forwarded.

I have also another application. This time for a comparatively new, small, but very successful kennel. This is a very pleasant job, with cottage and garden. There is no objection to the kennel maid having a friend or relative to share the cottage, but she must be thoroughly experienced and able to take entire charge while the owner is away.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadman, Southampton.



PEKINGESE DOG

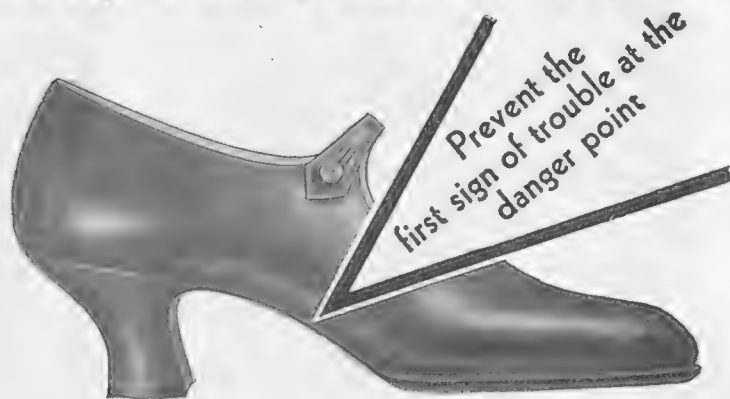
The property of Miss Everitt

the "Beardie" has never "caught on" in the South is a mystery, as he is a beautiful dog, very hardy, with a delightful disposition, and all the collie intelligence and devotion, and also comes of an ancient race. It is to be hoped that more people will take up these dogs. Mrs. Cameron Miller is hoping to have some puppies for disposal this summer. We give a photograph of one of her dogs.

Miss Everitt sends a photograph of her Pekingese stud dog, son of Champion Pung Chow of Alderbourne. She has some good puppies for sale by him; she says, "They are six months old, full of intelligence and charm, and real show specimens." She also has a young brood bitch over distemper for sale. Miss Everitt has done very well with her Pekingese puppies; one sold to France has never been beaten there. This dog is related to the puppies she has now for sale.

I have an application for a kennel maid; this is for a famous and old-established kennel

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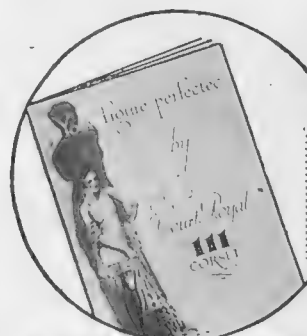
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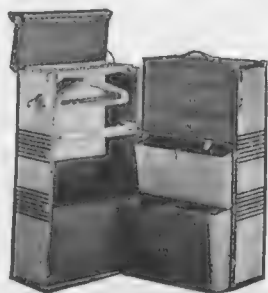


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The matched trunks shown above are Nos 1105 steamer wardrobe, 529 all hanger motor wardrobe, 809 hat trunk, 100 steamer trunk, and 1830 hand wardrobe case. All of the light weight construction. This small picture is of No 1155 "Chief" Oshkosh, a light three-quarter size wardrobe covered with striped Oshkosh Duck to match the famous "Chief" series

Stuarts

Everybody Satisfied—continued

Oom Piet licked his lips. "Optie geld (option money)," he said; "I'll be able to pay something off that bill. Diamonds you said?"

"Yes," said Solomon, wiping his eyes, "diamonds, in this district, when every prospector in South Africa went over it from end to side when the big rush was on. He's going to sell diamond options in Johannesburg. Do you think there's anybody in Johannesburg who didn't have diamond options five years ago?"

Oom Piet was doubtful. "There might be. Johannesburg's a big place. Has he got lots of money?"

"No," said Solomon regretfully, "I shouldn't think so. That's the snag. Still, you might get fifty or a hundred for an option if you don't fix the price too high. There's no chance of it's ever being exercised. Mind I want my commission. And you'll have to pay something off the bill you owe me."

Oom Piet nodded, and departed. There was no need to settle the rate. Solomon had had his ten per cent. often enough. But as he rode homewards the farmer was planning hard. He wanted fifty or a hundred rather badly. With a brother on the diamond fields, a car available, it ought not to be difficult to arrange that his farm at any rate showed promising indications. But he mustn't take any risks. He pondered.

Then suddenly an idea came to him. Abram was the key to it: Abram the mission-trained nigger, as fly as they make them. He slapped his flapping trouser-leg with his sjambok, and as the pony broke into an easy canter, rode home chuckling.

That, perhaps, was the reason, only two nights later, that Dennis Mulhaley received unexpected information. He had just finished his letter to Aileen and was strolling down to the post-office when a dark figure stopped him. "Baas," it said, "I want spik mit you." Dennis, rather surprised, stopped. "Speak away," he said. "Speak Dutch if you like, I understand it."

"Baas is looking for di'mons, nie waar?"

Dennis was on his guard at once. "Yes," he answered, "but I'm not buying diamonds. I'm not an I.D.B. I'm looking for diamond ground. You know any?"

"Ja baas, good ground, on my baas' ground. If I show baas, baas give me a bansella?"

For a moment Dennis was inclined to kick the scoundrel out, but then he remembered Aileen's strictures. After all, there was no harm in information. "Who is your baas?" he asked.

"Baas Piet van de Merwe," was the answer, and Dennis whistled.

"Right," he said, "tell me all about it." And so, in the quiet of the little village street, he heard a tale of a nigger who knew diamond gravel when he saw it, having worked on the fields; of a donga on a farm where the rain had recently washed away a new piece of soil, of black, rich diamond gravel lying thick in the wash-away.

"That's all very well," he said. "But can I see it?"

"Oh ja baas. It's away from the house. Baas can see it any time. But baasie must give me a good bansella." And so it was arranged.

So, too, it happened that Oom Piet van de Merwe, to his huge satisfaction, was the very first farmer in the Ventersburg district to sell an option on his farm to the newcomer. Yet his satisfaction, though deep, was not unqualified. When, two or three days after Abram had taken the first steps in the plan, he saw the young Rooinek come riding up to the farm he had chuckled quietly and confidently. The fish was nibbling, and he was sufficiently experienced at the angling game to make quite certain of such a gudgeon as this. The fool didn't even know how to start a negotiation. Instead of the long, interminable discussion of the poor prospects of the district, the way farmers were losing money, and the difficulty of selling land, he had revealed himself as a prospective purchaser within the first ten minutes. Only a green-horn would do a thing like that.

In the circumstances it did not seem really worth while to haggle too much about the price per morgen. Obviously this young idiot, with his baby face, would never exercise the option. Oom Piet was a little regretful about the price. It didn't pay to be careless. The option *might* be exercised. He laughed at himself even as the thought crossed his mind. No, there was nothing to regret there.

But the cash down! That was another story. Who would ever have thought that such a baby-faced young man would prove such a desperately hard hand at bargaining. Oom Piet grew quite warm at the recollection.

Seventy-five pounds was what he had set his heart on for a three-months' option. Instead he had had to tie up his farm, with full mineral rights, for six months, and at no higher figure than sixty. It was deplorable. In fact it was unbelievable. Five times had he or Mulhaley broken off negotiations completely. Five times he, the hardest bargainer in Ventersburg, had been forced into the undignified position of reopening them. The last time, indeed, he had held out until Mulhaley's horse had actually been saddled and brought round to the door. Surely this young man, convinced of the presence of diamond gravel, would give in. But Mulhaley was quite cheerful. "Well, Mr. van de Merwe," he said in his accursed Rooinek fashion, "I'm sorry we can't do business. Totziens." He would actually have given up a chance of fortune for a miserly difference of ten pounds. Oom Piet swore.

(Continued on p. xviii)

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—continued

Still sixty pounds was sixty pounds. Solomon got his six, and Abram five shillings. The gravel hadn't cost anything, thank goodness, except the petrol for the fifty-mile run to the fields. And fifty-three pounds odd was not a bad little windfall. It was no good being greedy.

But Oom Piet's satisfaction was to receive yet another shock. For about a fortnight later Rooi (Rooi, red) Gert Marais turned up for an afternoon call. He, too, had been dealing in options with Mulhaley.

"What price did you fix?" asked Oom Piet.

"Four pound ten a morgen," said Rooi Gert. "Not bad. I don't mind to sell at four pound ten. I only paid three pounds."

"Yes," said Oom Piet glumly, "I made a price three pound ten. And my farm's got better water and better land. But it matters nothing. He'll never buy the farms. How much cash did he give you?"

Rooi Gert was quite shy about it. "I only got eighty pounds," he answered; "the arme jong kerel (poor young fellow) he didn't have much money."

Oom Piet gasped. This was too much. Then he lied again bravely. "I got a hundred and twenty," he said, "not much, but Ik is te vrede (I am content)."

Back to Johannesburg, in a quiet office, Dennis gave his account to his employers. There was a very satisfied look upon the face of the grave, shrewd man to whom he handed his list of options and prices and the necessary documents to support them.

"Well, Mulhaley," he said, "this is very satisfactory indeed. It was a bit of a risk



THE HON. MRS. CRICHTON AND LORD MOLYNEUX

At the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club Spring Tournament last week at their magnificent grounds at Norton, near Malmesbury. Lord Molyneux, who is Lord Sefton's son, was the back of the Blues "B" team, which won its first tie in the Norton Cup

sending you on a ticklish job like this, but it had to be a new man for those Ventersburg gentry. They're as fly as they make them. And you've done well, very well." His eye caught an item in the list, and he whistled, "What's this," he said, "Mooifontein, van de Merwe's farm, three pounds five. Sixty pounds. You got that option for sixty pounds! But van de Merwe's the toughest nut in the district!"

Dennis laughed. "He's a bit too tough, sir! He's the chap who tried to ring in false samples on Murgatroyd when he was down. He tried the same game on me. Imported about half-a-hundred weight of diamond gravel, dumped it in an old donga, and got one of his niggers to show it to me for a small present! I'm not a geologist, but I wasn't taken in by that silly trick. So I went all out with him; and I knew he wanted to sell an option! It helps a bargain, Mr. Murray!"

Murray smiled. "Yes!" he answered. "So the diamond story worked? If those blighters had known we were after platinum, and that Murgatroyd had traced the reef right through their district, they'd have rooked us right and left." He rose. "Well Mulhaley, you've done extremely well. And I hope you'll continue to do as well for the firm. That baby face of yours ought to be a gold mine to us. I take it you're satisfied with the terms?"

"Yes sir!" said Dennis, "quite satisfied, for the present!" "Then," said Murray, "so are we. There's my hand on it."

Aileen Mulhaley, who has borne her new name some three years now, still rather amuses her husband by calling him Baby-face. She has, however, changed her opinion about his business abilities. And she, too, is perfectly satisfied!



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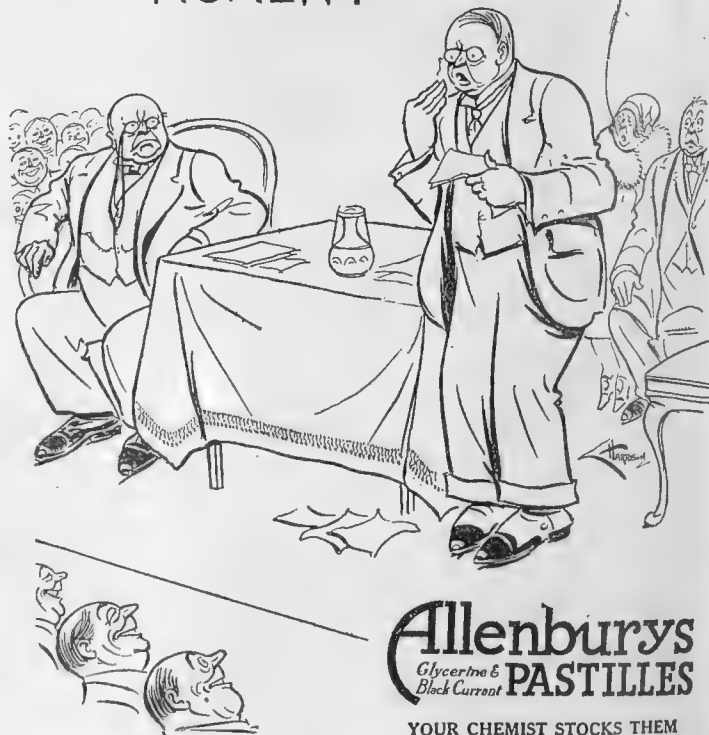
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W. Dennis Moss

At the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club grounds last week, where the first two International trial games were played by the provisional team against two variously constituted scratch teams. The Beaufort Hunt Polo Club has already eight polo grounds, and will have a ninth ere long, and Mr. H. C. Cox has been largely instrumental in promoting this magnificent undertaking. Captain Maurice Kingscote is Master of the Horse to the International team.



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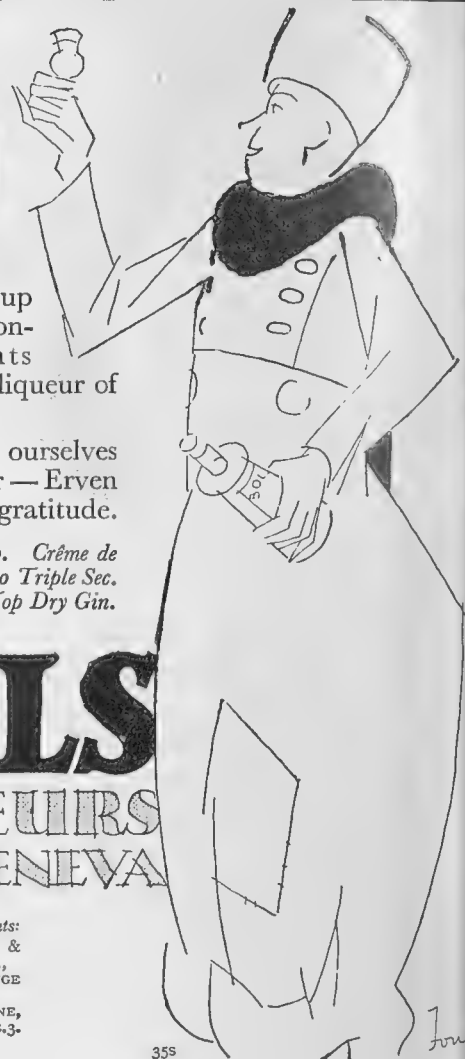
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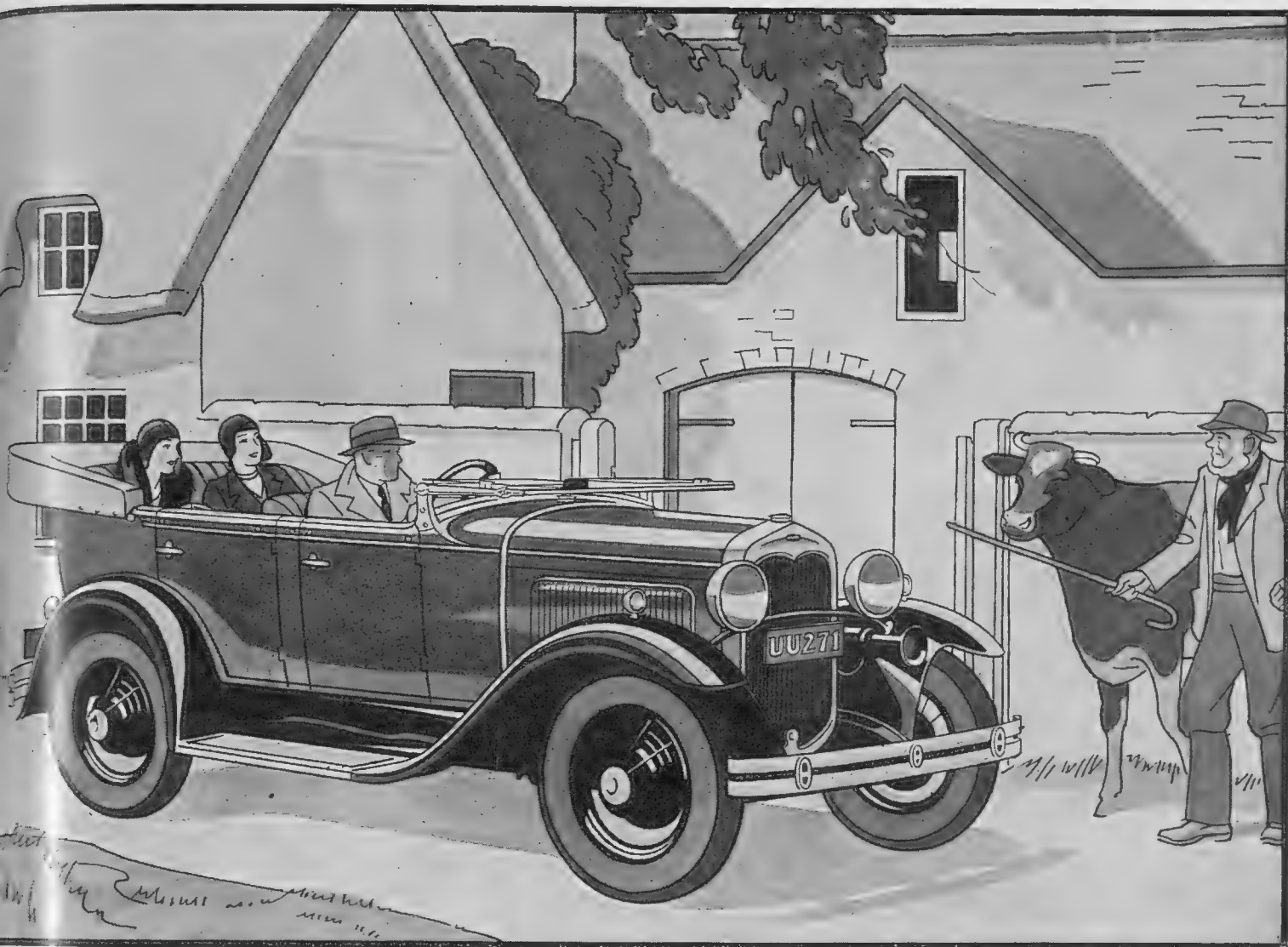
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Fordor Saloon (3 window)	-	-	-	-	£225
De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof	-	-	-	-	£245

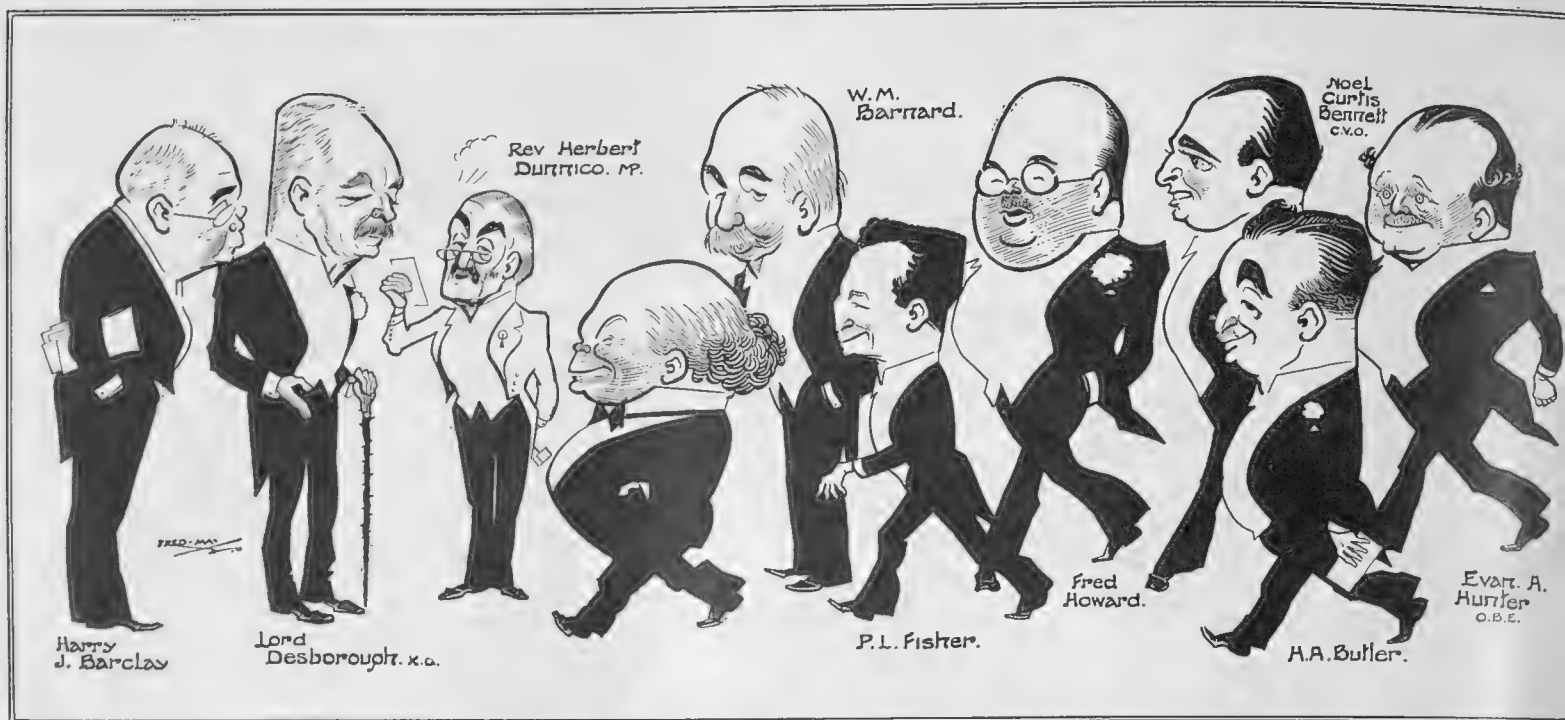
All prices at Works, Manchester.

LINCOLN



Fordson

ALL THE RUNNERS—ALMOST



THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION JUBILEE DINNER

Lord Desborough, the President of the Amateur Athletic Association, was in the chair at the Jubilee Celebration Dinner, which was held recently at the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly. The President is an ex-president of the O.U.A.C. and the O.U.B.C., getting, of course, both his running and rowing blues, and was in two Harrow XI's v. Eton, and in some spare moments swam twice across the Niagara River and stroked an eight which rowed across the English Channel, and was blistered and salted badly



BY APPOINTMENT.

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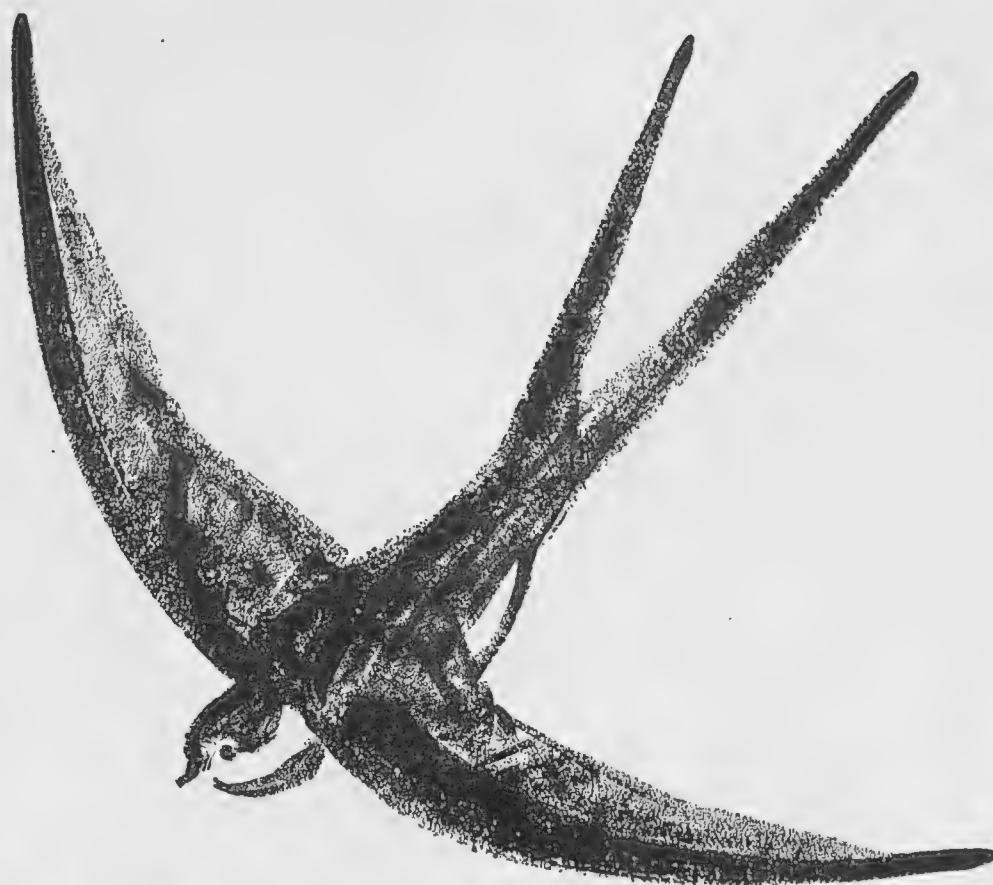
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SUMMER
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temperature.**

Stuarts

Polo Notes—continued

I think the Hurlingham Polo Committee are to be felicitated upon their courage in going outside the inner circle. I am sure that this is a good move, and we are all sure that it is the only possible solution to appoint an absolute dictator. "In seasons of great peril, 'tis good that one bear sway: Then choose we a dictator whom all men shall obey." There is no other way out. The peril is here all right; our national prestige is at stake, and the thing which every man jack of us has got to do now is to back him up, help in every way we can, and do naught to hinder. Time is short, the campaign one which is going to be a very dour and troublesome one, and we can only hope for success if we all shove in the same direction. The individual does not count; it is British prestige and nothing else.

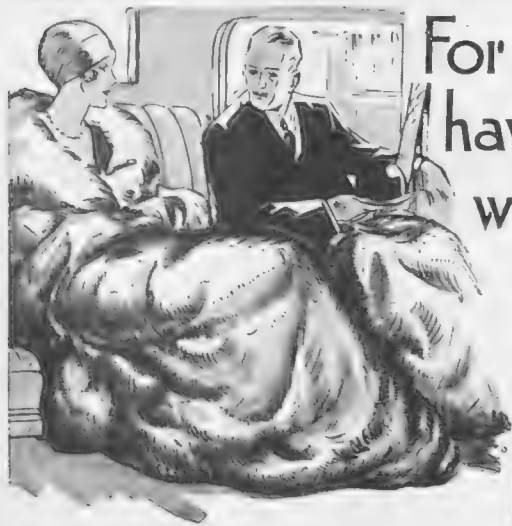
We have had it dinned into our ears often enough that America is unbeatable for the next ten years with her brilliant Boys' Brigade at her disposal, and as someone wrote me from New York only last week "reserves to burn." It is up to us to prove that this is wrong, to get our tails curled up right over our backs, and to go in gingered up with the will to win. That counts for such a vast deal.

I have quoted this purposely, because it is practically what Lord Cowdray said. His speech was one full of fight and that is what we want. If people go out beaten before the start, as one critic in the past has ungenerously endeavoured to make some of our past International teams do, it is any calculable odds on their getting beaten in the battle. Send them out full of ginger and good will from their supporters and they will go better than their own best. Lord Cowdray said that we have as good players as the Americans; man for man we have. His lordship said that this year we would make America gallop to the last minute of the last chukker; we can and probably shall; anyway that is the stuff to give em, and the more of it the better.

Often during the War I used to get cursed into heaps for my flaming optimism and a complete refusal to believe that the enemy was as good a judge of pace as he thought he was—even in March, 1918—but it was flaming optimism which enabled the British Army to win the War, and the fact that it never got its tail down, no matter what the position of other tails was, and I think some of the same kind of medicine where this International polo show is concerned is not too bad. Why should we not win it this trip? We have mobilized the strongest "camp" we have had for years; we have got some real good ponies all in good shape to go into hard work, thanks to Captain Maurice Kingscote; we have no anxieties where finance is concerned, and we have a lot of people who have sworn unquestioning obedience to the man at the wheel—Captain Tremayne. I believe, give 'em their heads and they will jump the country, big and formidable as undoubtedly it is.

There is obviously a difference between giving a horse his head and doing what is called throw the reins at him, and between flaming optimism and that worst of all faults, underrating the enemy. I am sure that Lord Cowdray never had any intention of suggesting that either of two of these things should be done. He knows too much about the situation for that; but he was quite justified in saying that man for man we are as good as the foe, and all that remains is for things to go for us as we all hope they may. Time and the weather are our two most menacing enemies. We play our last advertised trial match in England, at Roehampton, on July 2, but possibly another at Hurlingham. The first International match at Meadowbrook is set down for September 6. Our force moves off about the third week in July. Its journey across the Atlantic may be put down as occupying, one way and another, a week. We cannot hope to see our team playing the kind of winding-up polo it has got to play on the other side before the first or second week in August. We shall therefore get about a month. Opinions differ as to whether it is the better plan to work race-horses and play polo ponies right up to the last moment before shipment, and then believe that they will come out ready for it the other side, or to let them down a bit before shipping, and give them a long spell to acclimatise in the foreign country to which they go. It has been found to work both ways. The sea journey to America is a short one, and therefore the animals are unlikely to drop any of their condition, and provided they get a good passage this method may be a success. Their own fodder and so forth go with them, and so their interior economies are not asked to get accustomed to stuff grown in another land. The only thing which cannot be taken with them is water. It is not unimportant, for as experience has told us in the past, it has an effect on some horses when they are put on a different kind of water. It has happened ere now in this country, that strange water has caused scouring. However, this has got to be risked, and as our stud will have a first-class horsemaster in Captain Maurice Kingscote, and a first-class V.S. in attendance, we may be sure that no avoidable risk will be taken. Let's hope for the best anyway.

For the moment I will leave things here, and round this off with the dates and places at which those most interesting trial matches have been and are to be played. Beaufort Polo Club, Saturday, April 26; Beaufort Polo Club, Thursday, May 1; Ranelagh Club, Saturday, May 10; Roehampton Club, Saturday, May 17; Hurlingham Club, Saturday, May 24; Hurlingham Club, Monday, June 9; Ranelagh Club, Saturday, June 21; Roehampton Club, Wednesday, July 2. It is said that one extra trial may be arranged at Hurlingham, but as to this I have no definite information at the moment.



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you
go

on land

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A PRESS OPINION

A remarkable new car . . . definitely progressive. Maximum service . . . minimum attention. Needs less skilful care than any other. Perfectly delightful to drive. Admirable steering . . . wide lock, small turning circle . . . Bumps and holes ironed out . . . Car remains happy when driving fast . . . The smoothest six-cylinder Daimler have built . . . like the proverbial steam engine at slow speeds . . . Absence of vibration when revving fast . . . does not get rough or coarse when "all out" . . . Acceleration on top gear exceedingly rapid . . . 10 to 30 m.p.h. in just under 9 secs. Gear changing reduced to a minimum.

—The Autocar.

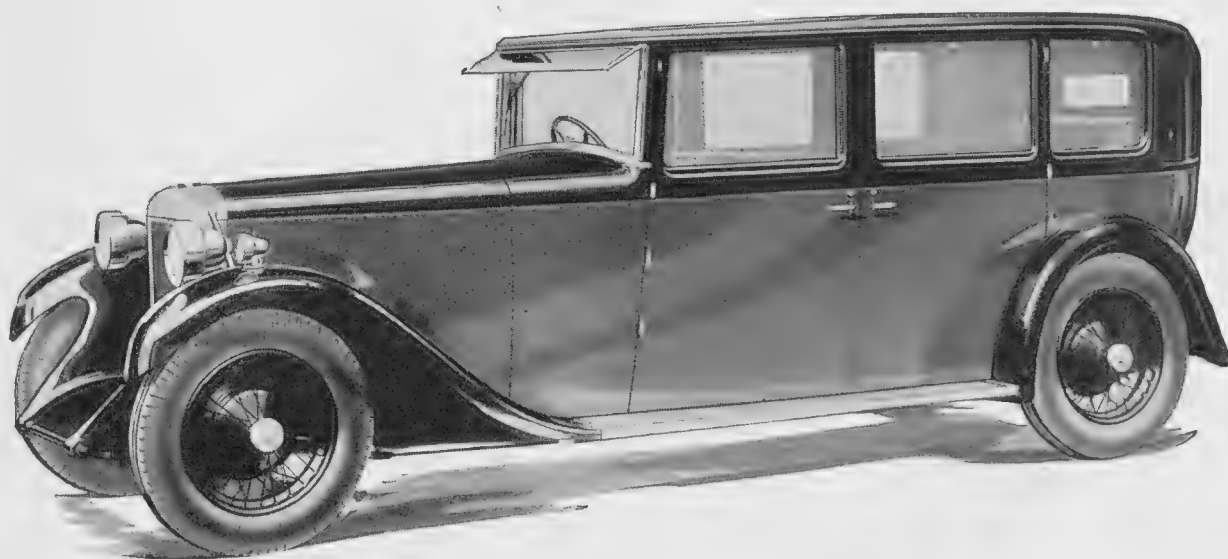
AN OWNER'S OPINION

I confirm that after 1,000 miles running the engine and transmission are very quiet and vibrationless, the whole car a sound engineering job.

The 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours run down was over wet roads, part of the time during heavy rain.

So far, the highest speed attained is 75 m.p.h. at which speed the engine ran sweetly and easily, with a complete absence of "fuss."

The steering at any speed is miraculously light and as North Cornwall is a county of hills and winding roads, the easy steering, lightning acceleration and smooth braking make driving a pleasure.—Ref. No. 1050.



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AIR EDDIES—continued.

information with illustrations on the methods of operating and maintaining parachutes. Private aeroplane owners are becoming increasingly inclined to wear parachutes, although most of them still regard them in the same light as the Prince of Wales. According to Mr. Dixon the Prince was asked, as he was being helped into the harness: "Do you know how to use it, sir?" "No," he replied, "and I don't want to!" But parachutes are almost certain to be fitted universally in the near future, and air transport companies will soon be forced to devise some way of making them practical for air-line machines.

As I write many notable flights are in progress or have just been completed. The Prince of Wales has arrived at Windsor from Marseilles travelling in his own Wapiti, flown by Squadron-Leader Don, at an average speed of well over 100 m.p.h., the Duchess of Bedford is, at the time this has to go to press, nearing home again after flying to the Cape and back, the *Graf Zeppelin* has been welcomed by a vast crowd at Cardington



MISS JILLIAN SANDE

Dudley Glasfield

The beautiful young star who plays lead in "To What Red Hell," a talkie, generally released recently. Miss Sande was chosen from 200 other competitors to play opposite Mr. Will Rogers in his next new film, and is now in Hollywood hard at work

(though it was not so welcome at Wembley), and the Heston air tourists, as already related, have returned. Air travel seems to be more than on its way; it seems already to be the chosen form by all with a modernistic outlook on life.

I have been asked to remind you that to-day, May 7, is the Air League's coming-of-age dinner and dance at the May Fair Hotel.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS—continued

the famous "nude dancer" of the new revue at the Concert Mayol. As well as dancing nightly in the small amount of costume designed for her by her perfectly good husband, she writes novels in her spare time. In her recent best-seller, "La Femme qui Boit," she describes the private bar that belongs to *le baron* Poullenc—a well-known amateur artist. It seems that the latter objects and a law-suit is looming! Colette Andris' friends wonder what on earth she will do with such a garment!

* * *
At Vogade's, also, I hear of the death of Yvonne Georges. Poor little Yvonne Georges of the husky-sweet voice, the unforgettable singer of "Pars." . . . Her death in a Swiss clinic was erroneously reported a few weeks ago. . . . She left the clinic thinking herself cured, and died suddenly in an Italian hotel at Genoa the other evening. Her passing is pitiful, for she was still so young and so gifted.—PRISCILLA.

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table &
bathroom



This only shows you one example of our lovely decorative Bathroom and Dressing Table Sets. We have them in almost unlimited variety. No picture can give you any idea of the beautiful colour effects. Bicarbonate bottle 10/6. Two lotion bottles 10/- and 7/-. Cotton wool bottle 12/6. Bath salts jar 17/6 and a powder bowl 12/6.

We have sets painted with flowers in the modern woodcut style at 3 gns. a set. Others designed in most striking ultra-modern themes in black and white and other colours from £5. 0. 0. a set of nine. As for really distinguished perfumes and bath salts to put in the bottles—we have the most interesting selection in London!

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The 'Scutum

The "Field"



By Appointment
to H.M. the King.



By Appointment
to H.R.H. the
Prince of Wales.

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"S.B. Sportsman." A coat with Set-in sleeves, useful alike for Town and Country. In Scotch and Irish Tweeds and in Weatherproof 'Scutum cloth, from 6 Gns. Ready to wear or to measure.

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Please write for Folder "A."

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— Tailors and Overcoat Specialists since 1851 —

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

New Notes in Fashionable Coiffures.

Everyone likes to visit the pleasant salons of M. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, as the very newest ideas in hairdressing may always be seen there, and in addition to these he has salons in Paris. Too much cannot be said in favour of his method of permanently waving the hair. At the moment there is a decided vogue for wider waves, as they are sometimes called, an example of which is seen in the illustration on this page. In order that the permanent wave may have the most successful results the waves are finally finger-modelled; this enables the operator to introduce individuality, which otherwise he would not be able to do, and in all instances they follow the contour of the head. In order that the much-to-be desired femininity may be present tendrils and small curls are permitted to stray on to the forehead and cheek. Sometimes the hair is brushed straight off the forehead in front, and there is softness at the sides.

The Creation of "Postiches."

A true artist in hair always likes to create a transformation, as it is in the same his skill is able to find expression; it is in this that M. Emile excels—he is as successful with short-hair ones as with long. They are very light and perfectly ventilated, therefore the wearers overlook the fact that they are not Nature's handiwork. Neither must it be overlooked that M. Emile has a special arrangement to which Court plumes and feathers may be attached; it has, been specially created for those with short hair. All interested in the subject must write for the catalogue; it will be sent gratis and post free. Furthermore in these salons may be seen altogether charming toilet accessories, including delightful bead and other necklaces and bracelets.



A FASHIONABLE COIFFURE

Which has been permanently waved in the salons of M. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W. After the treatment the waves have been modelled with the fingers

Famous Pen Honoured.

It is interesting to note that the London Naval Treaty of 1930 enacted at St. James' Palace was signed by all the representatives of the nations concerned with a solid gold Swan Pen made by Mabie, Todd, and Co., Ltd. The Swan was immediately afterwards presented by M. Aristide Briand to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a souvenir of an historic occasion. A pen of similar design was used by the signatories to the Hague Agreements dealing with the Rhineland Evacuation on August 30 of last year, and remains in the possession of the Belgian Prime Minister.

A Parade of Tailor-mades.

To demonstrate the attractiveness of the new tailor-mades, Burberrys of Haymarket are this week holding a series of mannequin parades. They are from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 2.30 to 5 o'clock every day this week except Saturday. The models shown will include latest creations in costumes, sports suits, two-pieces, overcoats, travel coats, and weatherproofs.

Nature Allied to Industry.

The Carron Company of Carron, Falkirk, have published an interesting pamphlet giving the story of the swan workers at Carron. In the Carron domain of water the rulers and workers are unquestionably the numerous members of the swan family which have their abode there. In the early days when Carron dams were formed it became imperative that the weeds should be kept in check, and it was decided that under-water scavenging should be performed by swans. A swan attendant was duly appointed to look after them, and his office is one of the old institutions at Carron which has been maintained to this day.

GAMAGES 76 PAGE
HORTICULTURAL
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This catalogue is the most comprehensive guide to Garden Requirements issued. Profusely illustrated throughout. Sent Post Free on Request.

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RUSTIC SUMMER HOUSE

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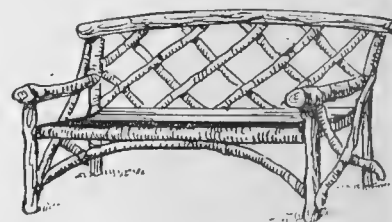
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and her husband, **MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY,** now playing in "TRAFFIC," on Tour, writes :—

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From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fog	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

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PRICE 1/6—DOUBLE QUANTITY 2/6

Aldwych

Petrol Vapour

—continued

for it is a genuine luxury car, commodious, well-finished, with a thundering fine road performance, and, within and without, a good-looker to boot. As a poor person I must put up with the fact that the reduction in price of the Hillman saloon has taken a trifle off the value of our own well-tested and trusty sample of that make (the very Cox's Orange of Mrs. P. V.'s eye); as a pure patriot I frankly rejoice in it. For the drop of a few quid will bring this excellent car within the range of many people who might otherwise have had to say, "It is just a bit too expensive." They cannot have doubted its worth, but these hard days we have to look at every fiver at least a dozen times.

On the Track.

I must confess that of late I had somewhat neglected Brooklands; there was a sameness about too many of the meetings that palled upon me, and there were manifest inconveniences about the place that irritated me. But now, beyond all doubts, many important improvements have been effected under the ægis of the energetic and urbane Mr. Percy Bradley, my esteemed colleague of "The Sphere." I wouldn't go so far as to say that everything is quite perfect yet—it never will be from my point of view until they have an escalator up the test-hill for the likes of me—as, for example, it is a pity to have to finish a race at the

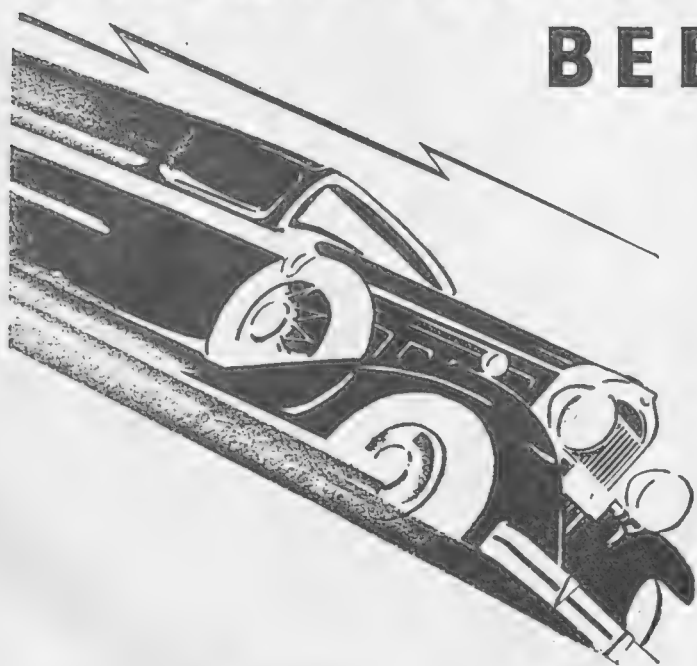


MRS. CLEAVER IN VIENNA

A picture taken during the recent little flying party over Europe, in which eleven privately-owned planes took part, and the whole fleet got the course without any mishap

further end of the railway straight. Would it not be possible to have "the line" almost opposite the end of the old "finishing straight," a hundred yards or so to the Byfleet side of the members' bridge? Since at that point all except the utter duds would be fairly high up the banking, the final issue of the race would be visible to almost every spectator. If you take the trouble to look into this proposition you will find that that bit of track is more readily visible than any other part of the saucer. The "opposite the paddock" start is a good idea for handicap races. "Ebby" at work is always worth watching, and near at hand you get a thrill from the start that you could never have at a distance. The new accommodation in the paddock is a great improvement; the whole of this reorganization has been very well carried out, so that the unhappy wight with a "concrete headache," such as that from which I have been known to suffer, can cure it (or let it have its way) in considerable comfort. By the way, what an admirable show Captain Birkin put up on Easter Monday in beating Kaye Don's track record, and putting up the new figure of 135.33 m.p.h. A truly magnificent piece of driving, which gave the impression that there might be still more to come, that is to say there was quite a lot of the banking that was not used. K. L. G.'s may well be proud of having participated in this achievement, for in this super-charged 4½-litre Bentley they must have had about as stiff a job as ever plugs had in a motor-car engine.

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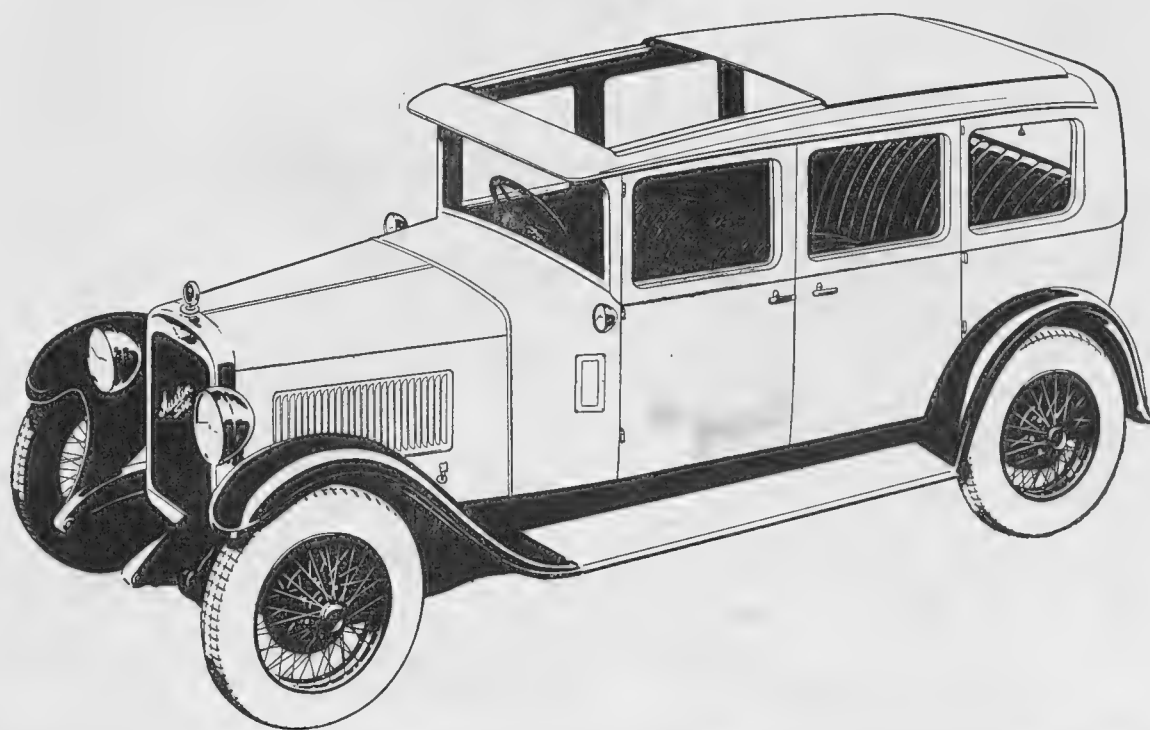
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“180,000 miles—and still running as quietly as a modern car!”

**Owner Report No. 313;
Car Number 3016; 15 h.p.
Monobloc Type; Reg. 1909.***

The real significance, the outstanding character of Austin dependability cannot be fully appreciated unless actual facts are considered—unless one examines every-day experiences of Austin owners with every-day Austin cars.

Here is the observation of one Austin owner.

Present owner purchased the car in 1912 when the car was three years old and had run an unknown, but considerable mileage. Since then has been in constant use for hire work. Original pistons, gudgeon pins and valves are still being used. Radiator,

though the original, does not leak. Four new piston rings, however, have been fitted. Mileage, in present owner's hands 180,000—and yet, he reports, *“the car still runs as quietly as an up-to-date model.”*

It is probable (but not definitely known) that this car has exceeded a quarter of a million miles.

This is what is meant by Austin Dependability.

Is not this the kind of car you require? See your nearest Austin dealer. Drive an Austin yourself, without obligation.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

*The “Sixteen” Burnham Saloon:
Coachbuilt, with Sunshine Roof, as
illustrated, £385.*

Coachbuilt, with fixed roof

£375

Six-cylinder. 16 h.p. Seats five persons. Driver's seat is adjustable. Upholstery in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Biflex magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, Triplex glass, luggage carrier, wire wheels, Dunlop tyres. Exterior metal parts are chromium plated.

Other “Sixteen” Models.

Two-Seater - - - - -	£310
Open Road Five-seater - - -	£325
Fabric Saloon (4-window) - -	£365
Iver Saloon (with division) - -	£385

(Sliding Sunshine Roof £10 extra)

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AUSTIN

CAR CAMEOS

The Alvis Silver Eagle

The Alvis three-carburettor 6-cylinder model in open touring form which I have recently had the pleasure of trying was, I suspect, the very identical car that not long ago beat the Blue Train. Knowing the Blue Train and having familiarized myself with the Alvis, I may say at once that the performance is relatively puny. For the Alvis can do much better than that. I should think that with a resolute driver behind its wheel it would make most trains look rather like trams.

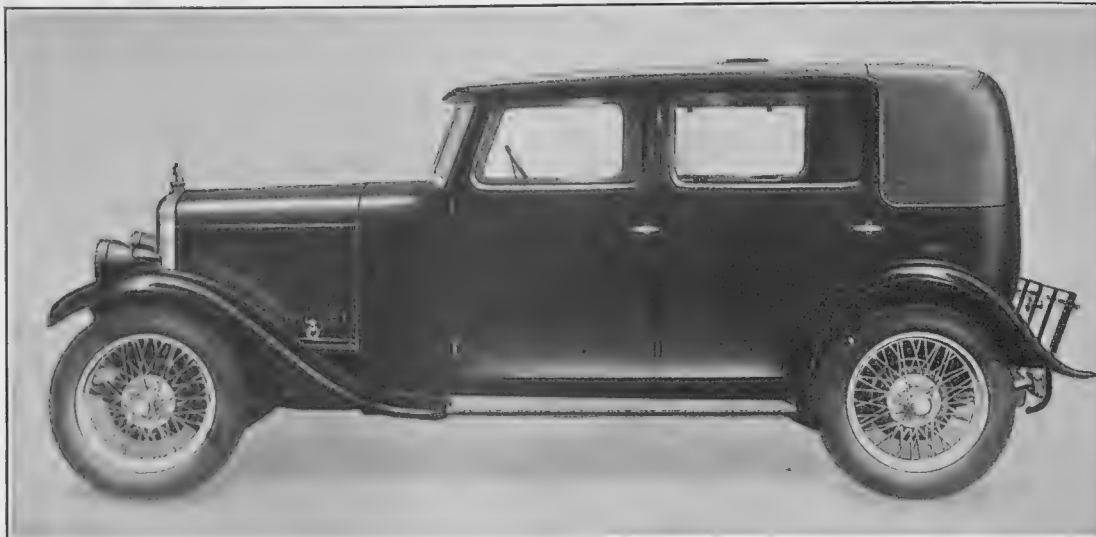
There is no doubt that this very plucky Coventry firm have contrived to instil a good deal of this characteristic virtue into their power plant. For this I have the highest admiration. It is a fine, clean piece of design, and it works beautifully. That is to say it is really good at both ends of the scale. Always it is sweet and smooth, and it seems to be equally happy whether it is pulling down to 8 m.p.h. or spinning like a turbine at over 70. I could not find the smallest sign of any "period," whilst considering that this motor is definitely of the high-efficiency type, the fact that it betrays no symptom of coarseness in running is noteworthy.

This is a car, by the way, the bonnet of which it is a pleasure to lift, for underneath everything presents itself as well and conscientiously made. Try as I will to be international in thought I still believe that a

good external finish is typical of sound British workmanship. To look upon the engine that does great things upon the road and to find that it is beautiful is to get an added enjoyment.

When the Silver Eagle was handed over to my tender mercies I was distinctly informed that it had for some time been a "hack," ill-used and neglected. I was told that I should not very much like the gear-box for example. And that was true enough. I could go on and say that I did not particularly love the steering, and that I definitely disliked a suspension that only became endurable at 60 m.p.h. But all of these faults I am ready enough to ascribe to lack of attention and adjustment. I mention them partly because I like to feel that I am "Truthful James," and partly to emphasize the fact that they did not prevent me from thoroughly liking the car as a whole.

It seemed to me that if there was something wrong with them it could in all probability be easily put right (I doubt whether the faults exist at all in Alvis of commerce), and that the presence of such a delectable power plant warranted one in readily forgiving these venial sins. Be that as it may, the several hundred miles I did upon the Silver Eagle were very pleasurable miles, and some of them extremely quick ones into the bargain. One or two people who "took me on" manifestly received a surprise, and amongst them were drivers of cars that have a high reputation for speed. I judge that, apart from rating, the Alvis is well amongst the fastest standard touring cars now turned out in this country.



THE ALVIS SILVER EAGLE ATLANTIC SALOON

fit **TripleX**
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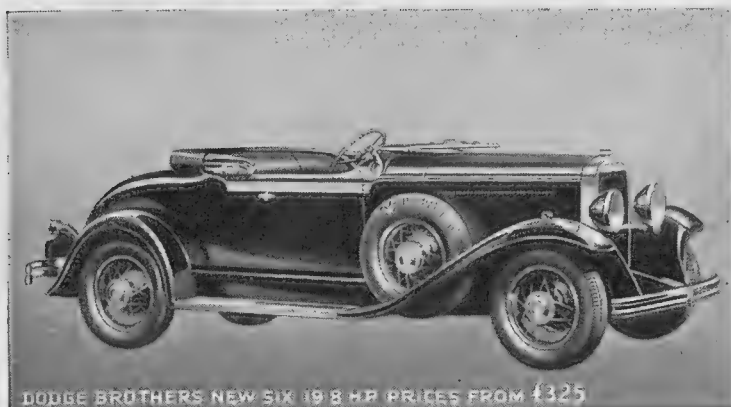
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SUPER 6-CYL. SALOON.
LIGHT 6-CYL. SALOON.
LIGHT 6 SPORTSMAN'S COUPE.
SUPER 6-CYL. COUPE.

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TripleX^{Regd}
-and be safe!



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DODGE BROTHERS



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PRICES FROM £325

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- All Steel Safety Monopiece bodies, with wide roomy seats.
- Adjustable front seats on all closed models.
- Foot-operated side cowl ventilator.
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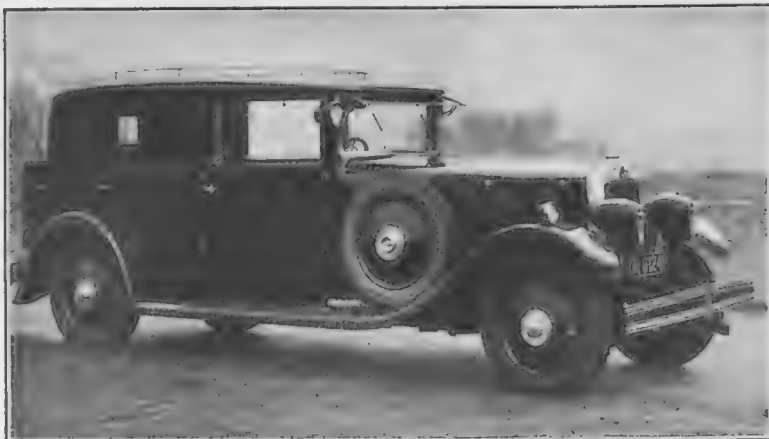
- Internal-expanding hydraulic brakes.
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DODGE BROTHERS (BRITAIN) LTD., PARK ROYAL ROAD, N. ACTON, N.W. 10 (Telephone Willesden 4462).

Motor Notes and News

It was announced by Colonel J. A. Cole, O.B.E., chairman of the Hillman Motor Co., Ltd., in Coventry, recently, that the prices of Hillman cars would be materially reduced as from April 28, the reductions



A LANCHESTER 30-H.P. STRAIGHT EIGHT ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE

Recently supplied to Mr. Bernard Shaw

ranging from £30 to as much as £50 per car. "We are certain," said Colonel Cole, "that trade in British cars will improve enormously, and we are therefore extending our works so that we shall be able to increase our output substantially, and thus produce in greater volume a range of quality cars at lower prices, and the benefit of this organized policy is being passed on to the public immediately."

The new prices are as follows: Straight-Eight—Tourer, £395; Safety Tourer, £410; Saloon, £415; Safety Saloon, £445; Six-light Weymann Saloon, £445; Segrave Model, £445; Drop-head Coupé, £475. Fourteen—Tourer, £275; Safety Tourer, £290; Saloon, £295; Safety Saloon, £338; Six-light Weymann Saloon, £338; Segrave Model, £338; Drop-head Coupé, £378. A sunshine roof on any closed model costs only £10 extra.

Our illustration shows a magnificent Lanchester 30-h.p. Straight-Eight enclosed-drive limousine recently supplied to Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The body was specially built to Mr. Shaw's order by Messrs. J. C. Clarke of Shepherd's Bush. The colour chosen for painting is warm brown, and the interior is upholstered in antique grain leather, and incorporates many novel ideas. At each side of the rear seat companion sets are cunningly recessed into the sides of the body. Mounted on the division between the front and rear compartments is a light metal frame over which is stretched a string net. The frame is hinged along its lower edge, and when lightly pulled out at the top the result is a compartment resembling an envelope for the reception of coats and other personal belongings.



THE BASE AT DECEPTION ISLAND

The Wilkins-Hearst Antarctic Expedition has been investigating the region south of the Pacific Ocean with a view to finding a suitable means of establishing and maintaining a permanent meteorological station there. It was hoped to do this by flying from Deception Island to Ross Sea, following the hypothetical coastline all the way. Polar exploration is becoming a mechanized business, for the Wilkins-Hearst Expedition carried Lockheed aeroplanes, a tractor, and an Austin Seven. A plane and the British "baby" are shown in the accompanying photograph on the runway which the expedition prepared in the previous year with great labour and discouragement. The tractor and the Austin were used to clear it again. Sir Hubert Wilkins states that the sight of the "baby" skirmishing about over the Antarctic snow was very odd. Note the double wheels and the chains on the Austin.

Lanchester

The Best of the Straight Eights

30 h.p. Straight Eight Enclosed Limousine.

You have only to see the Lanchester Straight Eight to realise the extraordinary development it represents in motor-car design. Motoring experts agree that it ranks foremost amongst the World's most famous Cars. You should see also the smaller Lanchester—the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder model. Both are outstanding examples of the best that the Motor Industry of the World produces. Full particulars gladly sent on request. Trials by appointment.

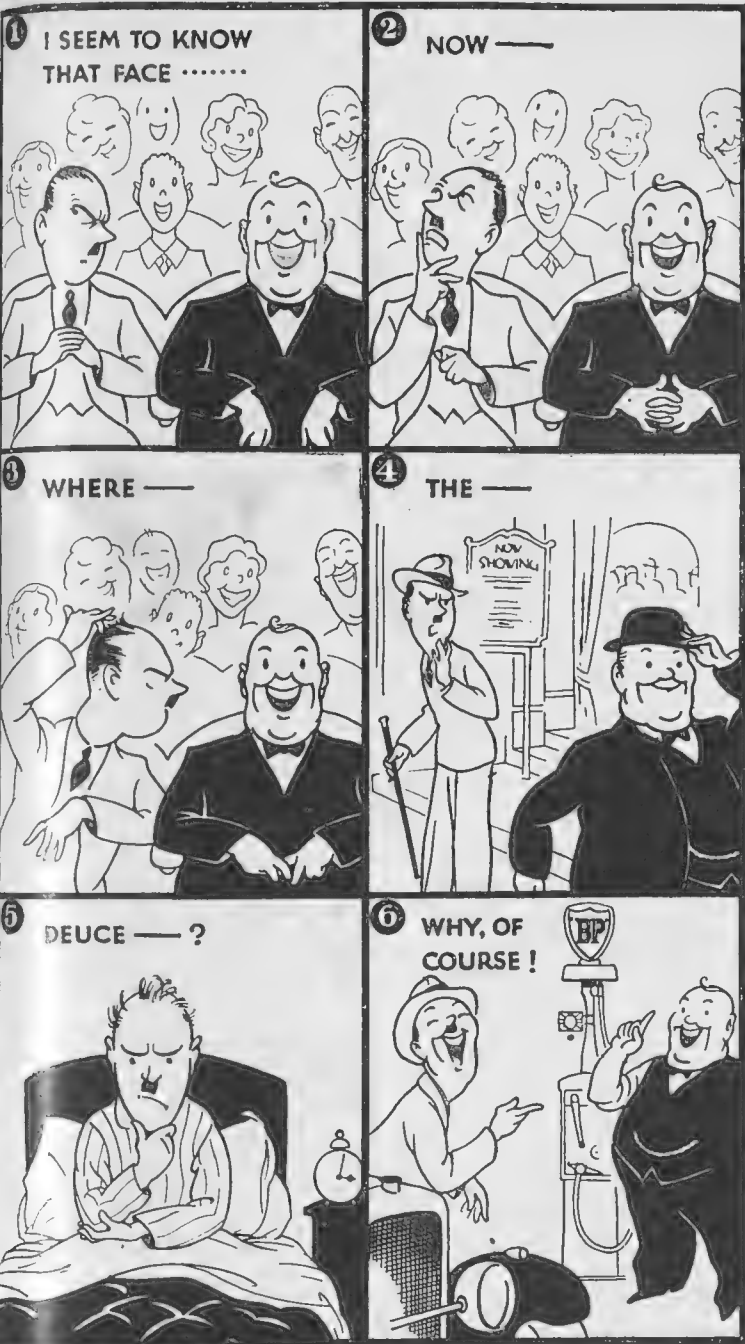
No matter where one investigates in this Lanchester chassis one finds that the designer has been there first. Every small detail has been thought out with a thoroughness which is quite refreshing. Nothing has been left to chance, and everything has been made and designed so that any adjustments or repairs which may be necessary can be carried out with the utmost despatch and with the least possible trouble.

A. Percy Bradley,
in "The Sphere" 12/4/30.

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 95, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

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AN OLD FRIEND LONG
BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend.

There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "Nine" and the 2-litre 6-cylinder—each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!

The Standard "Nine" Saloons, from - £185

The Standard 2-litre 6-cylinder Saloons, from £325

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist.



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Weddings and Engagements

An Autumn Wedding.

The Rev. Thomas Vernon Garnier, O.B.E., the son of the late Canon and the Hon. Mrs. T. P. Garnier of Cranworth, Norfolk, and Miss Helen Stenhouse, the daughter of the late Mr. John Stenhouse of Shanghai and Mrs. Stenhouse of Harvieston, Tring, Herts, are being married quietly in September.



MISS BERYL OLIVE CALDICOTT

Lafayette

Whose marriage to Mr. P. Neville Barnes took place at St. John's Church, Hove, on April 30

marriage of Mr. H. D. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland and Miss Armytage, which takes place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Next Month.

On June 2 Mr. James L. Winberg, Royal Tank Corps, Ashley Park, Bangalore, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George I. Weinberg of Invermark, Broughty Ferry, is marrying Miss Muriel Shepherd, the daughter of the late Mr. G. Shepherd and Mrs. Shepherd of Sedgemoor, Ootacamund, S. India, and the marriage will take place at St. Stephen's Church, Ootacamund; the next day, the 3rd, is the date fixed for the

Recently Engaged.

Captain Thomas Hamilton Lindesay, R.E., son of the late Major Edward Lindesay and Mrs. Lindesay of Westward Ho, Devon, and Miss Margaret Logan (Peggy) Varwell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Varwell of Cluden, Northam, Devon; Captain Martin Ronayne Mahony, Colonial Service, Kenya Colony (late Royal Irish Fusiliers), and Miss Mona Reilly, eldest daughter of the late Colonel James (Tiger) Reilly of Fort Etna, Patrickswell, Co. Limerick, and Mrs. Reilly, 11, Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Co. Dublin; Mr. Alan Tipple, Shanghai, China, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie Tipple of Hove, Sussex, and Miss Peggy Pemberton, the adopted daughter of Mrs. F. M. Pemberton of 1326, Avenue Joffre, Shanghai; Mr. Kenneth Newsom Davis and Miss Eileen Tate, eldest daughter of Major-General Godfrey Tate, K.H.S., I.M.S., and Mrs. Tate of 64, Wildwood Road, Golders Green, N.W.



MISS MOLLIE LUCAS

Bassano

The elder daughter of the Rev. R. H. and Mrs. Lucas, who is engaged to Major Neil Cantlie, M.C.

BLUE STAR LINE LUXURY CRUISES

BY BRITAIN'S DREAM SHIP
"ARANDORA
STAR"

The most Luxurious Cruising
Liner in the World.

MAY 31, 17 DAYS, 4,148 MILES
To Tangier, Morocco, Canary Islands,
Madeira and Spain.

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To Gibraltar, Tangier, Spain and
Balearic Islands.

Early reservations, including
for Norway and Northern
Capitals in Summer, secure
the choice of accommodation.



Cruise this Spring in
glorious Sunshine!
Enjoy the romantic and
historical places of the
Mediterranean. The
only perfect holiday.

No other liner offers such
comfort, perfect taste, or so
varied a round of entertain-
ment as the "Arandora Star."
Every room is a luxurious
state room; charming public
rooms; restful sun decks;
extensive accommodation for
sports and games. Write for
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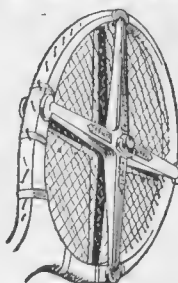
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HOT-PLATE TABLE MATS



DELLEX TABLE MATS

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The ideal Mat for use with Tablecloth or under Lace or Linen Table d'Oyleys, and for every purpose where a protective Mat is needed.

They cost a little more, but the wise housewife knows that "DELLEX TABLE MATS" will wash and wear for years, making them the most economical Table Mat extant. Hot plates cannot stick to them, a frequent annoyance with mats covered with American cloth or similar material.

Made in the following fadeless colours: Ivory White, Mahogany, Oak, Orange, Blue, Gold and Green, in usual round and oval sizes. Also made to order for Dinner and Tea Wagons, Trays, Sideboards, Table tops, etc., in any shape or size.

Of all London and Provincial Stores and Dealers; if any difficulty in obtaining write to

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Fire Engine Makers
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**FIRE
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Experts sent to all
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to advise.

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for
1930



T 102

Well tailored **Dress** in extra fine Piqué. Clever tucks on the shoulders give extra width on the front of the bodice. Useful pocket at the waist - - - **21/-**



T 110

Tailored **Coat** in self-coloured French Velour. In Mustard, Nil Green, Rose and Beige. **3½ Gns.**



T 101

A graceful **Tennis Frock** close fitting, with flared skirt. Tricoline, White - **35/-**
Washing Silk, White, and newest colours - **79/6**
Heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, White only - **99/6**



T 121

Tennis Eye - shade with becoming peak and new overhead strapping.

Tricoline - - - **7/6**
Crêpe-de-Chine - **12/6**
In colours to order only.



WT 4

A new **Tennis Shoe** in Canvas. Made in the following combination colours: Beige, Yellow, Black, Fawn, and Red. Crêpe Soles with wedged heels - - - **12/6**



T 122

Whipcord **Hat** with small buckle at the back for adjusting to any size. In White and Beige - **9/6**

Lillywhites
LTD
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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W. 1
FOR ALL SPORTS CLOTHING

A LATE-ON HUNT BALL



AT THE NEW FOREST UNITED HUNTS BALL

A group taken at Brockenhurst, where this combined effort of the New Forest Foxhounds and the New Forest Stagounds took place. The names are: In front—The Hon. Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. Rugonier, Miss Bowes-Lyon, Miss Whitaker, Mr. Whitaker, Miss Dawnay, Captain Rugonier; back row—Mr. Harrington, Miss Bramly, Mr. J. Coats, Mr. V. Harrington, the Hon. C. and Mrs. Roper-Curzon, and Mr. Cameron

Of Course There is Whisky and Whisky
but men who want good whisky—
fine—full flavoured—liqueur
whisky—drink

The "Antiquary"
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"THE ANTIQUARY" is a select
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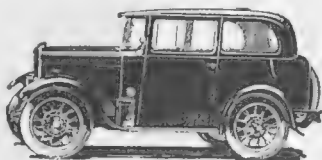
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QUALITY and performance prove the Triumph Super Seven to be the finest small car in the world. Features include Lockheed hydraulic brakes, 3-bearing crankshaft, safety glass windscreen, pneumatic upholstery on most models, chromium plating, etc.

Write for the 1930 Catalogue

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard.

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the motor industry is
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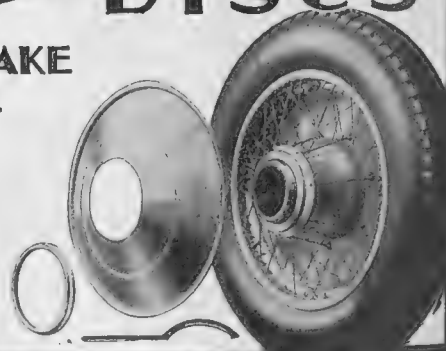
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„HATS from the
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21/-
This Hat of Multi-coloured Straw shows how attractive is the new shallow crown and wide brim. Trimming of Petersham Ribbon in two shades to tone. Head fittings 21 ins., 22 ins., 23 ins.



29/6
Felt and Racello Straw in alliance fashion this becoming hat. In Beige, Brown, Jade, Royal, Lido and Kasha. Head fittings 21½ ins., 22½ ins.



39/6
Simple Straw Hat set off with Peterham ribbon. In Navy with Beige; Red, Beige; Black, White; Beige, Natural. Head fittings 21 ins., 22 ins., 23 ins.

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AT MODERATE PRICES



Model J.101 (above on left).—Beach Wrap in toueling in various bright colourings ... 29/6
A selection of various other designs in Coats and Capes for beach wear ... from 18/11

Model J.102 (above on right).—Breakfast Wrap in floral printed Shantung silk, finished with tassels and folds of blain satin ... 79/9



Model J.103 (above on left).—Crêpe-de-chine Princess Petticoat and Knickers, trimmed écru lace. In pink, ivory, black, and beige.

Petticoat ... 29/6 Knickers ... 25/9

Model J.104 (above centre).—Good quality crêpe-de-chine Princess Petticoat, trimmed lace. In ivory, pink, black, and a few colours ... 55/9
Knickers to match ... 45/9

Model J.105 (above on right).—Nightdress and Jacket to match in washing satin, trimmed écru needlerun lace. In ivory, pink, peach, and flesh ... 69/6 each.

Model J.106 (extreme left).—Chemise and Knickers to match, in voile trimmed double net fold and embroidery. In pink, blue, green, and several good colours ... 25/9 each.

Model J.107 (centre).—Nightdress to match set in voile, trimmed net and embroidery ... 39/6

Model J.108 (on right).—Attractive Nightdress and Jacket to match in triple ninon, trimmed hand rouleaux work in self material. In ivory, pink, apricot, and nil.

Nightdress ... 59/6 Jacket ... 55/9

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FAMOUS DAVIS CUP PLAYER SAYS "100% BETTER"

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Racing Ragout—continued

speed. Caerleon was another idol with feet of clay, or possibly more rightly joints in clay, for these look as though they have given and will continue to give trouble, and we wash him out as a Derby proposition.



MRS. STEWART AND LORD DONEGALL

Were two of the many guests at the wonderful Mozart Party given by the Hon. David and Mrs. Tennant at the New Burlington Galleries

Epsom started in glorious weather, and with four favourites winning on each of the first two days backers couldn't complain.

The Tote is installed here also, but only in a very minor way in the members' enclosure and the paddock, owing to the straggling nature of the stands and enclosures which makes catering for them all very difficult. The high charge for admittance to the

paddock, whose entrance, by the way, is guarded by the only policeman outside Fred Karno's force who wears a wig, diminishes the Tote takings there, and the ancient privilege of walking down the course is another factor. This was one of the features of Epsom in the old days and it is a pity it has been done away with, for the stand side of the course is never raced on, and it was a far more pleasant way of getting to and from the paddock than in all the dust and orange-peel at the back.

The great disappointment of the meeting was the running of Press Gang in the Nonsuch Stakes, but probably he was short of a gallop. The conformation of the course and the ridiculously slow pace of the race were against him, and he will be a very different proposition at Newmarket in "The Guineas." From the way that all the form three-year-olds are being beaten and beating each other both this and the Derby look very open, and will probably be won by outsiders.

All of us rely on the Wootton establishment to win the first selling race of the day to give us something to bet with, and another old institution went west when his "neglected" won at 100 to 7, beating his favourite. The next race however put us right when the form two-year-old won, the form as it appeared in the midday paper being Bill's Gal see Figleaf.

It was in a Newbury race train that a gentleman having studied his paper remarked, by way of making conversation, "I see they've refused Podmore's appeal." "Is that so?" replied a complete stranger, perking up, "and I've got him in a double with Fox," a fact which for callousness takes some beating.



Truman Howell
A PROUD FATHER AND HIS
TWIN "JOCKEYS"

Lieut.-Colonel Fulke Walwyn, D.S.O., M.F.H., Joint Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds, with his twins (Fulke and Eileen Walwyn), the former won the first race and his sister the last race at the Monmouthshire Hunt Point-to-Point Races. Colonel Walwyn was in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, and has been Joint Master of the Monmouthshire Hounds since 1922



Pure Solid Platinum, Government
Hall-marked,
£65 . 0 . 0

18 carat, White and Yellow Gold,
£21 . 0 . 0

9 carat All Gold,
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Untarnishable Sterling Silver
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These prices include:

- A. Swiss Government Observation
Certificate of Super-Excellence.
B. A spare strap. C. A spare glass.



Actual Movement
of Rolex 'Prince'



A WORTHY GIFT—for services rendered

The Rolex 'Prince' is no ordinary wrist-watch—it is a *supergrade* production of outstanding merit and distinction. The 'Prince' is the only wrist-watch in the world known to horological science as "Observatory Grade" and its perfect accuracy is verified by Swiss Government Scientists.

It is a watch for men of distinction a presentation watch in recognition of exceptional service rendered to art, science, or industry the highest mark of esteem to men of special talents or achievements.

Beautifully curved to the wrist—separate "seconds" dial—set in 15 fine rubies—58 hours with one winding—accuracy not affected by change of climate or temperature.

Manufacture of the 'Prince' wrist-watch is limited to a comparatively small number—such fine watches cannot be produced quickly or in large quantities.

The Rolex 'PRINCE' The watch for Men of Distinction

25 WORLD'S RECORDS FOR ACCURACY AT KEW (ENGLAND),
GENEVA AND NEUCHÂTEL OBSERVATORIES.

See name on Dial and Movement.

Stocked by good jewellers throughout the British Empire.

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AT THE NORTH AND SOUTH SHROPSHIRE CHILDREN'S HUNTER TRIALS

Truman Howel

MAJOR SIR RICHARD LEIGHTON, MAJOR T. DIX-PERKIN,
AND CAPTAIN A. A. SIDNEY VILLARSMR. V. HURST, MAJOR GEORGE ONSLOW, AND MRS. HUGH
CORBET WATCHING THE OPERATIONS

The North and South Shropshire Children's Hunter Trials were held at Upton Magna, Salop, and it is mainly due to the efforts of Mrs. Hugh Corbet, who is County Commissioner for Shropshire for the Pony Club Children's Branch, that such a strong membership has been built up. Sir Richard Leighton, Major Dix-Perkin, who commands the Shropshire Light Infantry Depot at Shrewsbury, and Captain Sidney Villars were judging



Delightful Style
Perfect Fitting
Excellent Value

This model, though so moderately priced, is available in a full range of lengths and widths to ensure accurate fitting.

Illustrated catalogue free on request.

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at less than the
price of one . . .

“G.D. IT”

and take your choice of a 1930
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Ring Mayfair 4412 and order round to your door a brand-new Buick 2-seater roadster. Drive it yourself out into the open country—get all the thrills of ownership and avoid all its worries. You drive a car overhauled, cleaned, garaged and tuned up without any trouble or expense to yourself. You pay only for the miles you drive. . . . In the evening you plan a theatre or a dance? Ring Mayfair 4412 and your Roadster will be collected and in its place a luxurious Buick Saloon will be awaiting you at the door—with a uniformed chauffeur to drive you if you prefer. You have two cars at less than the price of one!

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Eve at Golf *(Continued from p. 286)*

As worn in South Wales: Members of the Whitchurch (Cardiff) Golf Club setting off to play an Ancient v. Modern match in outfits suitable to the occasion

Internationals; the skirts of the Veterans may be a trifle nearer earth, the crowns of their hats a little nearer Heaven, but on the whole much the same adventures befall them as befall other champions, and now and again they rise to heights which would do credit to anybody in the world. Such, for instance, as Mrs. Walter Neilson's 3 to win her semi-final from Mrs. Palmer of Oxhey at the 20th hole. Mrs. Walter Neilson was a most thoroughly right player to win.

With a six L.G.U. she was the lowest handicap entered, though this of course is a scratch event; she was also one of the youngest competitors, and a journey from Northumberland seems to merit something good at the end of it. And of course the end of it all (after she had beaten Mrs. Marshall 7 and 6 in the final, Mrs. Marshall having beaten Mrs. Bourn at the 20th in the semi-finals) was the Veterans' dinner, and the ordeal of speech-making admirably got through by the new champion with what

the provincial Press delights to describe as "musical honours accorded to her." In other words everybody shouted "For she's a jolly good fellow" at the tops of their voices. There was much pleasant speech-making with the toasts as excuse for them, and of course it completely capped the merrymaking when Miss M. E. Stringer, the President of the Veterans' Association, appeared in the golfing clothes of 1893, long skirt, scarlet jacket very tight in the waist, high collar very tight in the throat, white sailor hat very stiff in the brim, and proceeded to keep us all in fits of laughter over how things were done in those days—and those clothes. Miss Gourlay presented the prizes, and the lucky guests not yet eligible for membership compared notes over how long it would be before they could own up to fifty years of age and so qualify for membership.

Entries for "Eve" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry close May 15.
See the May "Britannia and Eve"

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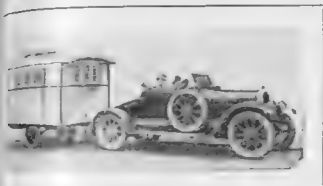
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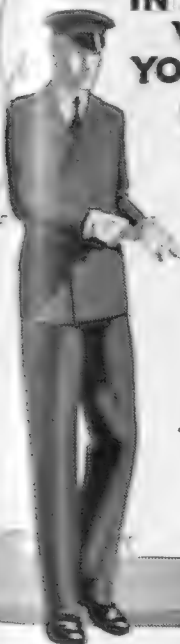
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SCOTTISH GOLFERS AT GULLANE

Ian Smith

A group taken before the annual Mixed Foursomes competition which was played over Gullane's No. 1 course, and as usual attracted many very distinguished golfers. Included are Mr. W. B. Torrance (the International), Mrs. J. B. Watson (Scottish lady champion), Mr. W. Willie Mackenzie (ex-Scottish amateur champion), Miss Jean McCulloch, Miss Doris Park, Miss Thomas, Miss Hilda Cameron, Mrs. Holm, Mrs. W. Greenlees, Miss K. Cochrane, Dr. Marian Alexander, Mrs. R. H. Wallace-Williamson, Mrs. G. Coats, Mrs. Durward, Mr. W. J. Guild, Mr. J. C. Rose, Mr. W. White, Dr. A. C. Cleland, Mr. F. W. Paulin, Mr. D. S. Weir, Mr. A. G. Thornton, Mr. R. Boyack, Mr. J. D. Lownie, and Mr. W. D. Macniven.



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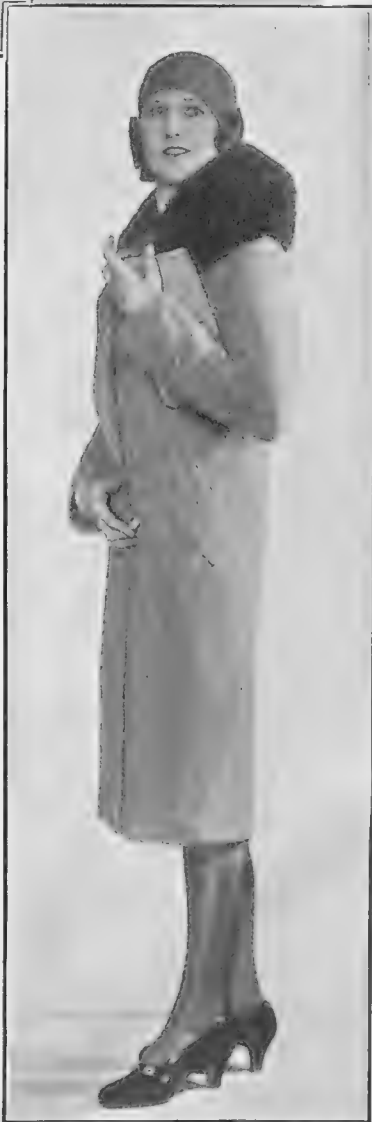
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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for a mother who is having a great struggle to keep her children and husband from starvation. He is aged thirty-five, and served as a gunner from 1912-24. On his discharge he obtained work as a porter for a large firm, but he developed pneumonia and subsequently tuberculosis. His active life was finished for ever and now he is a very sick man with two little boys to keep, aged five and two years. They are good little chaps, and are looked after by their aunt, but she has to ask 5s. weekly for giving up her time to them. All day the mother works in a laundry, for on her falls the burden of keeping the home together. Our visitor says she looks as though she might break down at any moment, for she is delicate and has had consumption in the past. The family income is 34s. weekly (25s. earned by the mother and 9s. insurance); on this sum four people have to be fed and clothed, rent paid, and 5s. weekly for the children. Little wonder that the ill husband rarely gets nourishing food, and that the little ones are poorly dressed and down-at-heel. They need £20. Please help them!

Miss Greta Garbo, whose first talking picture, *Anna Christie*, opened at the Empire on Friday last, now speaks for herself, so there is no need to talk about her marvellous performance or her equally marvellous conquest of the English language. With Greta Garbo are George Marion, who created the part of old Chris in the stage production, played it for two years in America, came to London and triumphed in it at the Strand Theatre with Pauline Lord, re-created it on the screen in the silent version of the film, and is now once again the old Swedish

sailor. It would be almost as impossible to forget Eugene O'Neill, in talking about *Anna Christie*, as George Marion.

That evergreen farcical comedy, *Charley's Aunt*, is being given at the Brixton Theatre this week. The title-rôle of Babs is being played by Mr. J. Ivan Menzies, who has made a distinct success in the part. It will be recalled that Mr. Menzies was for some years with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and for a long period in their second company played most of the part made famous by Mr. Henry A. Lytton.



ALL FISHING ON THE SPEY

Where everyone seems to be killing big salmon fish at the moment. In this group the names, left to right, are: Brigadier-General H. Pelham-Burn, who used to be in the Gordons, Mrs. Sherrard, Miss Mary Sherrard, Captain Sherrard, Master Tim Sherrard, and Mrs. Pelham-Burn. They were all fishing the Carron House water

All golfers will be interested in the Bristol torsion steel shafts which have just been put on the market here. These shafts are something new, indeed the manufacturers claim that they incorporate all the advantages of the finest steel shafts and the quality of torsion found only in the rarest hickory. When you play with a torsion steel-shafted club, the first thing you notice is comfort, the total absence of shock, jar, or sting, however hard the ground.

In place of the annual dinner in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund there will be a luncheon this year at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to preside on Tuesday, May 20, at the Savoy Hotel. Lunch will be served at separate tables so that parties can be arranged. Tables have been taken by Miss Gladys Cooper, Sir Nigel Playfair, Sir Barry Jackson, Dame Madge Kendal, Miss Edith Evans, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Viola Tree, Mrs. Howard-Wyndham, and Lady Alexander. An influential committee with Dame May Whitty as chairman is organizing the luncheon that looks as though it may be a record-breaking one and a very big success.

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Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

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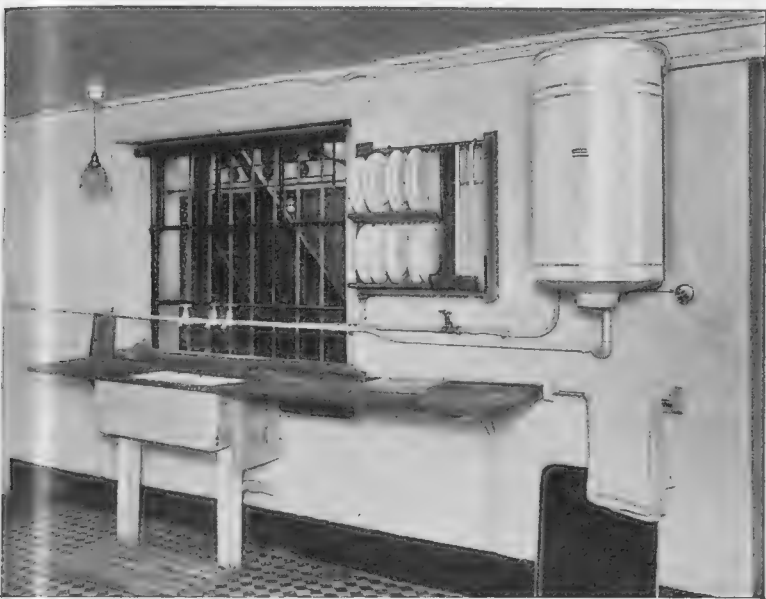
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Round and About Notes.

The Empire Eve Ball in aid of the funds of the Dominion Students' Athletic Union and the National Union of Students is being held at Grosvenor House on May 23. There will be dancing to the Embassy Band from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. A pageant of Builders of Empire will take place at midnight under the direction of Mrs. Ernest Taylor. The chairman of the Executive Committee is Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., C.M.G., LL.D., and the Viscountess Elibank, J.P., is chairman of the Ladies' Committee. Tickets, which are £2 2s. each (including champagne supper), may be obtained from the Ball Secretary, 7, St. James' Street, S.W.1.

The University of London Presentation Ball will be held on May 14 at the Piccadilly Hotel. The ball takes place on the evening of the day of the presentation ceremony at the Albert Hall. Earl Beauchamp, Chancellor of the University, and Lady Lettice Lygon have consented to act as host and hostess. The ball is being organized by the University of London Union, from the secretary of which at 68, Torrington Square, further particulars and tickets may be obtained. The function celebrates the reorganization of the University Union and the removal of the Union to the new premises, so graciously provided for by the Senate of the University.

The value of the presentation cups, trophies and cash prizes exceeds £2,700 for the nineteenth International Horse Show, which will be held at Olympia from June 19 to 28 inclusive, under the patronage of H.M. the King. As usual Lord Londsdale will take an active interest, and will be at Olympia

during every session. This year there are no fewer than 103 classes. Probably the most interesting will be the International Challenge Cup, presented by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Gold International Challenge Cup, presented by H.M. the King. Competitions for these two trophies will be held on the afternoons of June 23 and 27.

Charles B. Cochran and Maurice Browne will inaugurate their International Season at the Globe Theatre on May 26 with the presentation of Alexander Moissi, the distinguished German-Italian actor, in *Hamlet* and in *Redemption, or the Living Corpse*. Moissi, a protégé of Reinhardt, is recognized as the leading actor in Mittel Europa. Born in Venice, brought up and educated in Vienna and Berlin. Fought in the German Army, awarded the Iron Cross. Taken prisoner by the French, now a Pacifist. Has acted in every capital in the world other than in London. Played lead in Reinhardt's productions of *Edipus Rex* and *Everyman*. Played in *The Doctor's Dilemma* 600 times. In *Hamlet* 1,000 times, and 1,400 in *Redemption*. Has essayed every Shakespearean rôle, as well as those of Shaw, Pirandello, Goethe, Schiller, Tolstoy, and Ibsen. Played Raleigh in *Journey's End* in Vienna.

Ernest Thesiger, the well-known actor, has been dividing his time between appearing in the Haymarket's all-star *Hamlet*, and in preparing an artistic show for the variety stage in the form of a series of living tableaux entitled "A Pageant of Chelsea China," which he presented at the London Coliseum on Monday last. His enterprise has a topical interest in view of the very high prices that Chelsea china is commanding in the auction rooms at the moment.



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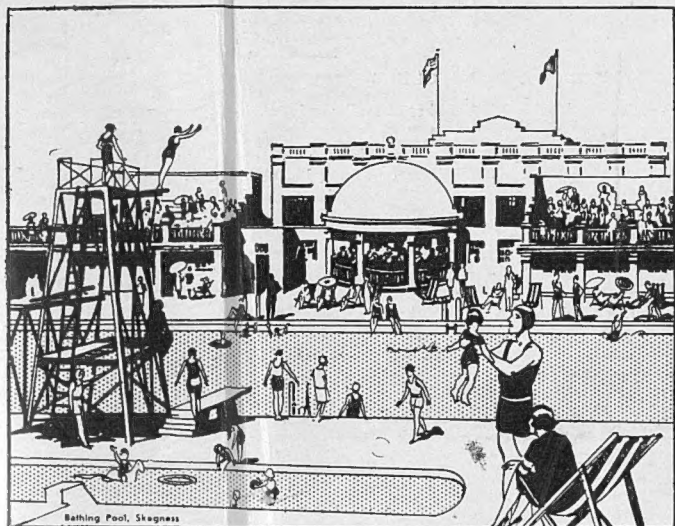
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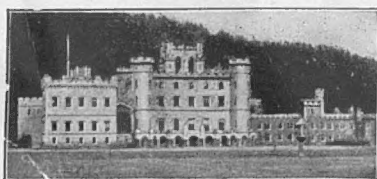
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